Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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FROM MADISON TO WILSON

BY THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

We are no lady, either inconceivably perfect or more agreeably human; so we frankly confess our age; we are one hundred years old, and still single. Not that we have not been the recipient of proposals; far from it; we have received many offers of periodical matrimony from other like Institutions whose intentions were manifestly honorable; but, alas! none seemed to be fitting or advantageous; invariably the proponent was too young or too frivolous. Our solitary parent, the *Monthly Anthology*, too, was unwed, but that is a point in the family record upon which, naturally, in common with Abel, we care not to dwell, especially since, although by no means as young as we used to be, we cannot feel certain that we have yet reached the age of indiscretion.

"The literary epochs of New England," wrote Colonel Higginson, "may be said to have been three—the first issue of The North American Review in 1815, that of *The Dial* in 1840, and that of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857"—all living and doing well in their respective environments, two having moved away, leaving the youngest upon the old place, conformably to the custom of New England of that day and generation.

When we as The North American Review were born, we as a Nation were, in the words of our present Chief Magistrate recently addressed in person, and quite impressively, to the

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Congress, "at peace with all the world"—Mexico included, although not then as not now, for various reasons, specifically mentioned. It was a far longer way from Ghent in those days than it is now even to Tipperary, and our commissioners, who signed the famous treaty on December 24, 1814, were obliged to convey the information by the hand of their secretary, Mr. Henry Carroll, who did not reach Washington until late in the evening of February 14, 1815.

A memorable night that! The *Monthly Anthology* told us all about it while supplying us with breakfast food in the following month of May, when we came comfortably into physical being. Mr. Madison, one of the few really worthy predecessors of Mr. Wilson, was President at the time, but for reasons well known to the British then, though unmentionable now in the face of our undisguised neutrality, he was occupying, not the dismantled White House, but the Octagon House, which still stands—and which you should not fail to inspect when next you visit Washington—at the corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street.

Thither through the mud splashed Mr. Carroll and Mr. James Monroe, who preceded Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State—a most fortuitous circumstance in one way, surely, in view of the slave Paul Jennings's reminiscence that "Mrs. Madison ordered dinner to be ready at three as usual; I set the table myself, and brought up the ale, cider, and wine, and placed them in the coolers, as all the Cabinet and several military gentlemen and strangers were expected." Not that our present Secretary of State would be exasperated or even embarrassed by the sight of decanters of ale, cider, and wine. His attitude is quite evident. He does not partake of such beverages himself, and, as a consequence of his observation of the effect of such abstention, he considers it most unwise of others to do so. Logically no less than conscientiously, therefore, he would impose prohibition even upon Democrats, but we do not understand that he would decline an invitation, if he should receive one, to dine with the President because of fermented juices being offered to others. In any case, the President himself could with ready tact remove all difficulties by simply reviving the custom of 1815 of dining "at three as usual"—an obviously inopportune hour for the consumption of ales and the like. Perhaps he has. Does anybody know?

But we must not leave the prototype of Mr. Bryan splashing through the mud. In due time, of course, he reached the

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Octagon House and told the good news. Instantly there arose a great and joyous uproar, even the colored servants shouting "Peace" to passers-by and somebody going to the front door and ringing the dinner-bell. Who that somebody was nobody knows, but, for ourselves, we have always suspected that it was Dolly Madison herself, who was anything but the roly-poly little person commonly pictured, but, as portrayed by Washington Irving, "a fine, portly, buxom dame" surcharged with energy, enthusiasm, and good-nature, quite unlike "Jemmy Madison" —again quoting Irving—"ah! poor Jemmy! a withered little apple-John"; or as a favorite verse of the day tripped on:

> The gallant *little man*,
> His sword did thump behind his back,
> So merrily he ran.

A justifiable description, surely, with his less than five-feet-seven. In point of fact, physically Mr. Madison was the smallest President these United States have ever had, but intellectually, possibly because he was the first we knew, we still consider him our greatest, present company, of course, excepted. Indeed, we do not hesitate to admit that the two Chief Magistrates who have held for us the most particular interest are he who retired from office on March 3, 1817, and he whose term (his first, of course, we hasten to interject, since we would imply no disagreeable misgiving with respect to the future) will expire exactly one hundred years later, on March 3, 1917.

The coincidence is rendered doubly striking to our somewhat far-reaching vision by certain points of similarity between Mr. Madison and Mr. Wilson, not in appearance, of course, because our present President, we are told by our Editor, who recently had the felicity of gazing upon him, is anything but "a solemn, sad-eyed man"; nor especially in conversation, even though Mr. Gaillard Hunt does record that "after dinner, if the men who sat around the table drinking their wine were his friends, the ladies in the adjoining room might hear loud roars of laughter from the President's guests, who were enjoying the President's irresistible jokes"—quite as Assistant-President House is privileged to do nowadays.

Other minor phases of resemblance are plentiful. We are told, for example, by Mr. Gaillard Hunt that Mr. Madison "was armed with all the culture of his century," derived primarily from his study and associations at Princeton; that he

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"was a man of versatile scholarship and kept up his knowledge of the classical languages"; that he "was learned in theology, having at one time studied with the thought of becoming a clergyman, and had read the French and English philosophers and skeptics"; that he "studied law, but this science, political economy, and social science all belonged to his erudition in political science, in which it is not an exaggeration to say that he had exhausted the record of human experience and reasoning"; that "his record in public life was a guarantee that he would preserve the balance of power in the government"; that he "employed his learning with sobriety, and his political principles were practical"; that he "was well aware that in political practice the statesman must deal with human nature, human weaknesses, and human passions, and that his function is to direct, or follow, not to force, public inclinations"; that he "would have insisted upon the validity of general principles in politics, and would have denied that it was not an object of government to preserve political institutions, if those institutions were, in his view, essential to the preservation of principles"; that "in constructive statesmanship no other American had a record equal to his"; that he "hated war"; that "the people held him in respect, but he was hardly more than a name to them"; that "his character was assailed less than that of any of his contemporaries and was, in fact, unassailable"; and, finally, that he "had his enemies, but he himself hated no one"—a simple but comprehensive declaration vividly paralleled by President Wilson when, on December 15, 1914, he said to the University Commission:

> There is a charming story told about Charles Lamb. The conversation in his little circle turned upon some men who were not present, and Lamb, who, you know, stuttered, said, "I hate that fellow." His friend said, "Charles, I didn't know you knew him." Lamb said, "I don't; I can't hate a fellow I know."
>
> I think that is a very profound human fact. You cannot hate a man you know.

Of the accuracy of this diagnosis of human proclivities we, being inanimate, are unqualified to speak with authority; but as a thought, whether really a human fact or not, assuredly it is both happy and reassuring.

Mr. Sydney Howard Gay, the famous biographer, views our President of a century ago from a different angle and with eyes so critical that the likeness to our present Executive, while note-

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worthy in some respects, lacks convincing distinctness. Truly he says that "the better part of Madison's life was before he became a party leader," but less indubitably he quickly adds that "as his career is followed the presence of the statesman grows gradually dimmer in the shadow of the successful politician"; and he continues ruthlessly to assert that "if Mr. Madison's conscience was not always vigorous enough to enable him to resist temptation, it was so sensitive as to prompt him to look for excuses for yielding"; that while "upon his official integrity and his high sense of honor in all his personal relations, except when obligation to party may have overshadowed it, there rests no cloud"—nevertheless "impartial historians, who venture to believe that Nature admits of imperfections in a native of Virginia, declare their conviction that Mr. Madison either lacked strength and courage, or that the ambition of the politician was strong enough to overcome any consideration of principles that might stand in his way"; and finally, speaking more philosophically, that—

> It is quite possible that one may be governed by the most sincere convictions; and if he obeys them and abandons old friends for new ones, or consents to be friendless, it is the strongest proof the statesman or politician can give of a moral courage which ought to gain for him all the more respect. But whether that respect must be denied to Mr. Madison, because he was governed by other and lower motives, is the question. There had been no change in political principles. The change was wholly in Mr. Madison. That which had been white to him was now black; and that which had been black was now as the driven snow. Why was this? Had he come to see that in all these years he had been wrong? Or had he suddenly learned, not that he was wrong, but that he had mistaken a straight and narrow path for the broad road which would lead to the goal he was seeking? These are not pleasant questions.

Indeed they are not, especially when spoken of Mr. Madison as a prototype; nor as springing from a superficial ascription of motives can they be regarded as warranted. We turn with relief, in our quest for the truth, from the apparent prejudice of the biographer to the calm and unbiased judgment of the historian Woodrow Wilson, who spoke no less aptly of 1915 than as of 1815, when he said:

> Mr. Madison loved peace, as Mr. Jefferson did, and was willing to secure it by any slow process of law or negotiation that promised to keep war at arm's-length.
>
> The United States were not strong enough,—particularly now that

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the party in power had disbanded its army, dismantled its navy, and reduced its revenues to a minimum. The President's principles clearly forbade war, besides. He wished to fight only with the weapons of nominal peace: embargoes and retaliatory restrictions.

Every sinister influence seemed to draw Mr. Madison toward what he most dreaded and contemned—toward a war of arms brought on by a programme of peace.

The very war itself had come because Mr. Madison and his Cabinet had nothing to suggest, whatever wrong was wrought upon them,—except to withdraw from the seas, close the ports, build gunboats to defend the harbors, and wait until the inevitable should be at hand. While they *waited* every condition of National politics shifted and was altered, and *watchful* men who wished for action had grown deeply uneasy.

Here the analogy—if Mexico be substituted for England—is approximately perfect. Unconsciously, it would seem, Mr. Wilson drew the inspiration for his Mexican policy from Mr. Madison, but happily thus far without producing the original direful consequences of "a war of arms brought on by a programme of peace."

We cannot but believe, moreover, that the same author, then a thoughtful Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics at Princeton University, rightly divined the causes of the change in Mr. Madison remarked by Mr. Gay when, in 1901, he uttered in our youthful friend, the *Century Magazine*, under the attractive title "When a Man Comes to Himself," these highly expressive and oddly revelative thoughts:

> Men come to themselves by discovering their limitations no less than by discovering their deeper endowments and the mastery that will make them happy. It is not the discovery what they can *not* do, and ought not to attempt, that transforms reformers into statesmen; and great should be the joy of the world over every reformer who comes to himself. The spectacle is not rare; the method is not hidden. The practicability of every reform is determined absolutely and always by "the circumstances of the case," and only those who put themselves into the midst of affairs, either by action or by observation, can know what those circumstances are or perceive what they signify.
>
> No statesman dreams of doing whatever he pleases; he knows that it does not follow that because a point of morals or of policy is obvious to him it will be obvious to the nation, or even to his own friend, and it is the strength of a democratic polity that there are so many minds to be consulted and brought to agreement, and that nothing can be wisely done for which the thought, and a good deal more than the thought, of the country, its sentiment and its purpose, have not been prepared.

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Social reform is a matter of co-operation, and, if it be of a novel kind, requires an infinite deal of converting to bring the efficient majority to believe in it and support it. Without their agreement and support it is impossible.

It is this that the more imaginative and impatient reformers find out when they come to themselves, if that calming change ever comes to them. Oftentimes the most immediate and drastic means of bringing them to themselves is to elect them to legislative or executive office. That will reduce over-sanguine persons to their simplest terms. Not because they find their fellow-legislators or officials incapable of high purpose or indifferent to the betterment of the communities which they represent. Only cynics hold that to be the chief reason why we approach the millennium so slowly, and cynics are usually very ill-informed persons. Nor is it because under our modern democratic arrangements we so subdivide power and balance parts in government that no man can tell for much or turn affairs to his will.

One of the most instructive studies a politician could undertake would be a study of the infinite limitations laid upon the power of the Russian Czar, notwithstanding the despotic theory of the Russian constitution—limitations of social habit, of official prejudice, of race jealousies, of religious predilections, of administrative machinery, even, and the inconvenience of being himself only one man, and that a very young one, over-sensitive and touched with melancholy. He can do only what can be done with the Russian people. He can no more make them quick, enlightened, and of the modern world of the West than he can change their tastes in eating. He is simply the leader of Russians.

An English or American statesman is better off. He leads a thinking nation, not a race of peasants topped by a class of revolutionists and a caste of nobles and officials. He can explain new things to men able to understand, persuade men willing and accustomed to make independent and intelligent choices of their own. An English statesman has an even better opportunity to lead than an American statesman, because in England executive power and legislative initiative are both intrusted to the same grand committee, the ministry of the day. The ministers both propose what shall be made law and determine how it shall be enforced when enacted.

And yet English reformers, like American, have found office a veritable cold-water bath for their ardor for change. Many a man who has made his place in affairs as the spokesman of those who see abuses and demand their reformation has passed from denunciation to calm and moderate advice when he got into Parliament, and has turned veritable conservative when made a minister of the crown. Mr. Bright was a notable example. Slow and careful men had looked upon him as little better than a revolutionist so long as his voice rang free and imperious from the platforms of public meetings. They greatly feared the influence he should exercise in Parliament, and

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would have deemed the constitution itself unsafe could they have foreseen that he would some day be invited to take office and a hand of direction in affairs. But it turned out that there was nothing to fear. Mr. Bright lived to see almost every reform he had urged accepted and embodied in legislation; but he assisted at the process of their realization with greater and greater temperateness and wise deliberation as his part in affairs became more and more prominent and responsible, and was at the last as little like an agitator as any man that served the Queen.

It is not that such men lose courage when they find themselves charged with the actual direction of the affairs concerning which they have held and uttered such strong, unhesitating, drastic opinions. They have only learned discretion. For the first time they see in its entirety what it was that they were attempting. They are at last at close quarters with the world. Men of every interest and variety crowd about them; new impressions throng them; in the midst of affairs the former special objects of their zeal fall into new environments, a better and truer perspective; seem no longer so susceptible to separate and radical change. The real nature of the complex stuff of life they were seeking to work in is revealed to them—its intricate and delicate fiber, and the subtle, secret interrelationship of its parts—and they work circumspectly, lest they should mar more than they mend.

Moral enthusiasm is not, uninstructed and of itself, a suitable guide to practicable and lasting reformation; and if the reform sought be the reformation of others as well as of himself, the reformer should look to it that he knows the true relation of his will to the wills of those he would change and guide. When he has discovered that relation he has come to himself: has discovered his real use and planning part in the general world of men; has come to the full command and satisfying employment of his faculties. Otherwise he is doomed to live for ever in a fool's paradise, and can be said to have come to himself only on the supposition that he is a fool.

Christianity gave us, in the fullness of time, the perfect image of right living, the secret of social and of individual well-being; for the two are not separable, and the man who receives and verifies that secret in his own living has discovered not only the best and only way to serve the world, but also the one happy way to satisfy himself. Then, indeed, has he come to himself. Henceforth he knows what his powers mean, what spiritual air they breathe, what ardors of service clear them of lethargy, relieve them of all sense of effort, put them at their best. After this fretfulness passes away, experience mellows and strengthens and makes more fit, and old age brings, not senility, not satiety, not regret, but higher hope and serene maturity.

We find this more than interesting; it is laden with a wholly true and very vital philosophy. That the change in

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Mr. Madison's perspective and understanding took place at the time when he "found himself" we cannot doubt. Nor could we, if we would, ignore the welcome omens of a like transformation in Mr. Madison's natural successor—the one statesman who, more than all others combined, now holds it within the possibilities of his power, in Washington's simple words, to "make a Nation happy," and who may become the arbiter of the destinies of a world.

Mr. Madison, who, according to the author of *A History of the American People*, "had shown himself a statesman rather in the framing of institutions and the formulation of law than in the government of events," appointed, as the predecessor of Mr. Bryan, James Monroe, who, while lacking the President's "studious comprehension of principles, stood for at least a like experience in affairs. . . . No doubt," continues the distinguished historian, "it was a fortunate choice which preferred Mr. Monroe at such a time. A man of progressive force and enterprising initiative would too much have disturbed the quiet, spontaneous processes by which, in those years of peace and yet of quick transition, parties were finding themselves and making ready for a new age." Although it became "evident enough while he was a member of Mr. Madison's Cabinet" that Mr. Monroe "was no master of men," he "looked into his duties with a mind of capital integrity and ingenuous honesty" and apparently would have done very well but for the circumstance that "the dark tide of perplexed diplomacy caught him also in its fatal drift," to the end that he became "Mr. Madison's comrade merely, not his guide." As a matter of fact, says Mr. Wilson with that rare discrimination which has characterized his later judgments, the Secretary of State "lacked originative strength, but not sound character; he fell short of the equipment of a statesman, but not of the equipment of an upright and serviceable public officer." Consequently, when the suitable moment arrived, Mr. Madison designated Mr. Monroe to succeed himself and inaugurate a long period of the very peace and good-will among men which finds in our present Secretary its most ardent and persistent advocate.

Of the other members of the Cabinets of 1815 and 1915 Mr. McAdoo was preceded by William H. Crawford, who also was a candidate for the Presidency; Mr. Garrison by Alexander H. Dallas, a correspondingly forceful and intelligent official; Mr. Gregory by William Pinkney and Richard Rush, both competent lawyers; and Mr. Daniels by Benjamin W. Crownin-

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shield, who would better be neither compared nor contrasted at this felicitous time, for reasons which we have assigned our Editor to set forth with due restraint in a forthcoming number.

If time, space, and weather permitted, we should take delight in depicting the characteristics of the twenty-four Presidents whose activities we have beheld with emotions varying from full admiration to mild amusement; but since nearly all of them have looked to us much alike, some good and some indifferent, but none really bad, we have felt constrained to note simply in passing the slightness of change that has taken place in a hundred years. More we might have done, but less we could hardly do in view of the patriotic interest which we have manifested from the beginning in the public affairs of our beloved country.

But we would broaden our vision. How fares mankind? One hundred years ago this very year America was striking hands with England in the making of a peace which has not only continued unbroken, but seems likely to prove everlasting. Simultaneously, at Waterloo, Europe was emerging triumphant from a succession of conflicts which had devastated the continent. The clouds of war had lifted, the skies were clear, the future of civilization seemed to be assured. And yet to-day we sit in the tragic gloom which settled down upon the world overnight and whose day of lifting no man can foresee.

What does it all mean? Can it be that Progress is, in fact, a myth? Is the swinging back of the pendulum of Time to barbarism a finality? Is God still in His world? These are the questions that tremble upon the lips of men as daily they read the sickening tales of seemingly useless slaughter of the flower of their race, of wanton destruction of priceless monuments of genius and skill, and of pitiful sufferings of the weak and unoffending. But because it is a time of infinite sadness among God's children and even, to some minds, of doubt of God Himself, must all light and hope necessarily disappear in the depths of despair? Reason, no less than Faith, answers no.

Let us start at the beginning. The causes of the great war —what were they? The killing of a prince? No; princes have been killed before without evoking the wrath of whole peoples. The violating of a treaty? No; that only expanded a war already begun. A determination on the part of England to check

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the growth of her ambitious and successful rival? A lust for conquest in domineering Prussia? A fanatical belief in the minds of those who had come to regard themselves as supermen of their duty, under or with God, to rule the world? The spirit of revenge in France? The fulfilment of an age-long tradition in Russia? All these are accusations brought by one against another in extenuation, on the one hand, and in blame, on the other; all were contributory in varying degrees, no doubt. We summarize our own opinion in these few words:

That (1) Austria not only welcomed, but sought, any distraction from an internal chaos which threatened her disruption; that (2) Russia, imminently menaced by a general strike almost certain to end in civil revolution, was in like case; that (3) Germany, ready and in part willing, while not instigating action on the part of Austria, permitted what she might have prevented under a certainty that she could never be more fully prepared and under delusions respecting the attitude of England and Italy—in a word, overreached; that (4) England did not seek war, did not want war, but, having long regarded it as inevitable, breathed relief when it came in such a way as to enable her to go chivalrously to the support of her allies instead of being compelled, as she had feared she might be, to ask them to come to her assistance; and that (5) France accepted with resignation and fortitude as a simple matter of course what she had been expecting for twenty years. Turkey and Japan need not be considered.

Assuming that this summary of the technical or nominal causes of the great conflagration is approximately correct, how trivial they seem! Can it be possible that the Creator and Lord of the universe would permit the clock of civilization to be set back a full century or more—for that is what it means through the enforced propagation of the race by unfit males and the inevitably increased prostitution of unmated females—as a consequence of mere happenings such as those depicted? The thought is inconceivable. There *must be*, there *is*, a fundamental *purpose* underlying this mighty tragedy. What is it? The feeble murmuring of the preachers that "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform" does not suffice in this day of enlightened respect for, rather than of abject fear of, the Creator. Let History—our own history—suggest the solution.

Sixty years ago Buckle heralded the "decline of war" as a consequence of the advance of Science in the realms of knowledge

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and understanding, and six years later a million men of the North were grappling at the throats of their brethren of the South. The causes? Oh yes, secession, rebellion, the Constitution, State rights, national obligations, and Heaven knows what all! Not a word—except from a few fanatics—about *human slavery* which underlay it all. The South was right in law, but wrong in morals, wrong in resistance of freedom of mankind, and the South was beaten justly and rightfully, as the South now recognizes. No lesson of history, no deduction from principles of human nature, had been clearer than the fatality of slavery upon public morals, upon politics, upon industry, upon development and progress; and yet it took four years of the most devastating warfare ever known and the desolation of half a continent to make convincing what all of the wisest men in the world had been saying for a century. That it could have been done in no other way is generally admitted now —but it was not conceded then. The terrible war was waged under pretexts of human making, but for a purpose now realized to have been divine.

May it not be so with this greatest of wars? Our struggle liberated the blacks of America; may not this be designed to free the whites of Europe? What are the millions of German, French, Austrian, and Russian boys in the trenches to-day but slaves? What have they ever been but slaves? Taken almost from the cradle and gripped by a system which held them as in a vise to become—what? Cogs in a machine, a fighting-machine, constructed with ruthless energy and superlative skill to beat down another fighting-machine; nothing less, nothing more. Patriotism? Faugh! Their words are but prattle drilled into minds forbidden to think and taught only to obey. Our blacks were at least inferior by nature, but these whites—the splendid youth of the most virile of peoples now being killed by thousands —are inferior only by enforcement, by decree, by an irresistible and unbreakable bond from the cradle to the unmarked grave. Slavery? Compared with theirs, ours which we abolished by war was beneficent and kindly; compared with ours, theirs is ghastly.

The outcome God alone knows; it looks to us afar off. And we care not for what are called the *causes* of strife if the *purpose*, the *divine purpose*, shall prove in the end to have been the extinguishment of slavery from the face of the earth, the freeing of mankind, the making in Europe of a democracy, however limping and stumbling, so it have at least the privilege in

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common with our own to grope and seek, as a child in the dark, for the light of a better day.

So it is that from our century-old pedestal we do not despair. A hundred years hence we may look back to this convulsion as the final storm before the clearing, precisely as now we revert to the Waterloo of our birthyear and the last stand before Appomattox just fifty years ago. For the present, having in mind the extraordinary delicacy of so crucial a situation and the possibly determining influence which may be wielded by this most powerful of neutral Powers, we should fail in our obligation if we did not urge with utmost earnestness the heeding of our President's solemn adjuration, to be patient, supremely patient, even as he has been and is and, we doubt not, will continue to be, in the face of all complexities and temptations.

The quarrels of nations, like those of individuals, grow out of their ill-regulated passions; and these can be checked and restrained, not by considerations addressed to the intellect, or even, as so urgently, so unwisely, so almost unpatriotically demanded by Mr. Roosevelt, to questionable regulations, but, if at all, by the teachings of morality and religion exemplified by Mr. Wilson. Never was a war more obviously and ruinously destructive of all public and private interests than that into which the great States of Europe have blindly plunged; but to oppose their madness inopportunely upon grounds drawn from political economy or international law would be like preaching to a tornado. The tempest must blow itself out. Only when the wind has lulled can the voice of reason or the whispers of conscience be heard.

And God *is* in His world, only abiding His time.

> Who dreamed a dream mid outcasts born
> Could overthrow the pride of kings?
> They pour on Christ the ancient scorn.
> His Dove its gold and silver wings
> Has spread. Perhaps it nests in flame
> In outcasts who adjure His name.
> Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay
> Lip reverence that the heart denies,
> O nations. Is not Zeus to-day,
> The thunderer from the epic skies,
> More than the Prince of Peace? Is Thor
> Not nobler for a world at war?

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They fit the dreams of power we hold,
Those gods whose names are with us still.
Men in their image made of old
The high companions of their will.
Who seek an airy empire's pride,
Would they pray to the Crucified?

O Outcast Christ, it was too soon
For flags of battle to be furled
While life was yet at the high noon.
Come in the twilight of the world;
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

It has been for America a wonderful century. From five million souls our people have multiplied to one hundred millions who have rather more than their fair share of causes to be happy. Whether quality has kept pace with quantity is perhaps a question. We fear, indeed, that, if pressed, we should feel constrained to concede a certain deterioration in the old sturdy stock—in character, in resolution, in patriotism, in morals, in religious feeling, in fidelity to standards, even in some of the refinements of existence. Even so, much if not full compensation is to be found in the amazing growth in recent years of a spirit which is surely *humanizing* our traditionally stern and reticent race.

We look into the future, then, with eyes undismayed. Editors, contributors, publishers, and proprietors will come and go as in the past, but we shall go on and on to the end of time, always thanking God, always taking courage. In the number for January, 2015, we shall mark the events of our second century of existence for a wholly new audience, since, according to the law, all of the billions of humans now living will then have passed into the Beyond. Inasmuch, too, as in the mean time we shall maintain a discreet and rigid silence, we now say not the *au revoir* to which we feel inclined, but, as needs we must, good-by, while nodding smilingly and appreciativly to the toast which our present intrusive Editor insists upon proposing!

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone!
And still flourish he a hale green tree
When a hundred years are gone!

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GAYHEART

A STORY OF DEFEAT

BY DANA BURNET

I

GAYHEART came in June, I saw his heels
  Go through the door, and broken heels they were.
His eyes were big, and blue, and young. He said,
  "Could you direct me to the Basement, Sir?"

I knew the Basement; I had grubbed there once
  Before a client tumbled in my net
And brought me riches. It was coffin-cold
  And on its bare walls seeped a moldy sweat.

'Twas next the kitchen, too, and had the breath
  Of cheap things cooking—but I led him down.
The stairs dropped naked through the clammy dark—
  He paused, and gasped, as men do when they drown.

"Is it down there?" I turned and took his arm
  (Thin as a boy's it was; all skin and bone);
I said: "The dark is just a pleasant cloak
  To veil you off, and keep your thoughts alone.

"A Boarding-House is all-inquisitive;
  You're safer here." "How did you know," he said,
"That I would want to be alone? Am I
  An open book to be so simply read?"

We stumbled down until I felt the door
  Beneath my fingers. Then I struck a light—
The room grinned at us like an ugly face
  Caught in a heart-beat from the cloak of night.

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The boy's breath cracked his lips. I saw his soul
  Stand in his eyes, and look, and shrink again,
Sick with the moment's shattered visionings,
  And on his face went the slow feet of pain.

"It strikes you bleak, eh? Come, it's not so bad.
  The gas won't whimper if you turn it low.
The bed is lame, but friendly. Here's a desk
  To scribble at." He said: "I write, you know.

"I've come to be a writer." And he smiled,
  As boys do when they say their heart's desire;
"I'm from the South—a paper took me on,
  But that's just keeping fagots in my fire."

He smiled again, for he had all his youth
  To smile from. "My real work," he said, "will be
To sketch the city—not in prosy books,
  But in its native, living poetry.

"Cities were made for measures and for rhyme,
  They have an ancient minstrelsy of feet,
And rivers sweep their shipping like a song,
  And there is endless music in a street.

"Endless, I say, and never caught by man.
  Your books? Ah, how they walk, walk, walk, with words;
But verse runs on light feet, as Cities do—
  O God, I've dreamed it till it hurts like swords

"Not to be writing; but I've got to learn,
  Learn, learn it all—the streets, the parks, the ships,
The subway and the skyscrapers!" He stopped
  And brushed his hand across his trembling lips.

"Excuse me, sir. You were the first kind soul
  I'd spoken to—the rest are like the tomb."
He smiled and touched my hand; and then I turned,
  Leaving him standing in his wistful room.

II

June passed, and weather came that seared our flesh.
  The soft streets crawled; old men dropped down and died;
Within the House our summer tempers snarled,
  And every night the lady boarder cried.

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Her alcove shouldered mine—and so I knew.
She came at six, her feet as slow as lead
Dragged through her door, and cried till supper-time.
I never saw her but her eyes were red.

Poor Gayheart whitened slowly, till his face
Was like the paper that he scribbled on.
But he had youth, and some vague bravery
That held him taut until his task was done.

He rasped our nerves, though, with his restless ways,
His restless, silent ways. . . . He never seemed
To see us when we passed him in the hall—
His eyes were distant with the things he dreamed.

He bolted dinner like a dog, as though
He feared his fate would snatch him unaware
With all his dreams unproved—then, starting up,
Would grope the shadowed hallway to the stair,

And down to his eternal folderol,
His spitting gaslight and his scratching pen,
Until we cursed him for his industry,
His being different from the ruck of men.

Then one dead night when all the stars did sweat
He plucked my sleeve, and smiled, and drew me down
His damned black stairs. Then, while the clogged jet whined,
He read me what he'd written of the Town.

It struck me wonderful. It had the ache
Of rush-hour traffic in it, and the swing
Of wheels, as though he'd listened in a street,
A crowded street where life ran thundering. . . .

It made me think of going to my work;
Of men in crowds, and women's faces drawn
With painted lines, and jaunty hats and ships,
And skyscrapers that reached up for the dawn.

And then beneath the step of rhyme I heard
The boy's soul speaking. . . . And I knew that he
Had spent himself like dust among the crowd
To catch the heart-beat for his poetry.

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His voice went out like flame. I found myself
Shocked by the still, small room. To me it seemed
Great throngs had passed with various noise. He said:
"That's just the gateway to the thing I've dreamed!"

III

There is a street's end, where the coasters sleep,
And there, at twilight, purple waters run,
And o'er their breast the crimson-coated day
Trails the last silver of the fallen sun.

A wall is there, for men to dream upon;
And so young Gayheart went, with all his scars
Unhealed . . . and saw the lights sown through the dusk,
And his tall city in a cloak of stars.

Tier upon tier the golden windows burned,
As though man sought new freedom in the skies;
And somehow, lured by starlight and by dawn,
Built his blind cities up to paradise!

Afar the bridges spun their silver webs,
The mellow whistles talked along the stream;
But Gayheart leaned athirst upon a stone,
Hurt with the shining beauty of his dream.

And he was like a child with wistfulness,
Holding his hands out through the summer night,
Where in the dusk the great, clean towers flared,
Like swords thrust up in some red battle-light!

And then he turned, all dumb with his desire,
And stumbled through still streets, until he found
The great bridge trembling underfoot and heard
The trains go by him with a tempest sound.

Black, shapeless forms came shrieking with bright eyes;
The sea-wind rolled like drums against his ears,
And he was singing, singing as he trod,
And in his eyes were sudden, smarting tears.

The tallest spire enraptured him! He strode
Under the roofed bridge, where the newsboys cry,
And out into that little breathing-space
From whence the windows go into the sky.

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And there he sought a bench and sat him down,
  Between two snoring vagabonds, who lay
Sprawled on their faces, . . . but his wakefulness
  Was like a lamp within him till the day.

. . . . . .

What did it mean? the stone flung like a song?
  The desk-light brothering the star? The whole
Up-sweep of roofs that is our native land—
  What meaning had it, and what secret soul?

He sat with upturned eyes, as young men do,
  Until the lamp upon his face grew wan;
He saw his nation toiling in its House,
  Its tall, strange House that reached up for the dawn!

And dreaming, saw the Elder Worlds asleep
  In their low houses, beautiful with Time. . . .
The vagrant at his left side groaned and breathed,
  Lifting a face of cumulative grime—

"What's in yer gizzard, lad, that twists ye so?
  I know! You're one of them wot's got a brain!
Now me—" His brother raised a blowzy head:
  "Aw, hell!" he snarled, and fell asleep again.

Across the roofs the first, faint gold of dawn
  Streaked the dun heavens, and the Day Men took
The windows of the sleepless, so that life
  Went smoothly like a never-written book.

And Gayheart shook the cramps from his dull limbs,
  Rose and went up the paper's curling stair
Until he reached the City Room. The Staff,
  Half stripped of cloth, already sweated there.

But he dropped at his crazy, limping desk,
  In the dim corner where the cubs are kept,
And wrote: "*America is wakefulness!*"
  And fell face down upon the words, and slept.

IV

Gayheart's book came back, and back again,
  And still he mailed it out, with little lies
To cloak its failure—but I think we saw
  The naked, frightened soul behind his eyes.

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The lady boarder knew. I heard her say
A cruel thing: "Your book is home," she said,
"For Sunday dinner." But he passed her by
Without the slightest turning of his head.

She hated him. . . . And so mid-autumn fell,
With no abating coolness. Each new sun
Was like a murderer let out of locks,
And life went sickly, praying to be done.

A night fell when all sleep was vain. . . . I rose
And stumbled to the windowful of stars,
That was my share of heaven. . . . There I stood
Letting the soft night seep into my scars.

The window opened on a little court,
And suddenly a feeble thrust of flame
Stabbed like a pettish dagger through the dark,
Out of the night a ragged breathing came.

. . . I saw the Basement boarder stooping down,
His lean face bloodied with the touch of light.
A tongue of fire licked his hands . . . and died,
Brief as the flutter of a star in flight.

Somehow I sensed a tragedy. . . . The gloom
Was like a grave, the light leaped up no more.
I turned and groped down through the breathless house;
Until I saw him crouching by his door.

He stood there, staring at his empty hands
As though they'd done his dearest dream to death;
The palms were soiled and smeared with paper ash;
There was a reek of whisky on his breath.

"What's this?" I said. He raised his head and smiled
With a deep drunkenness that touched his soul.
"I'll tell you what it is! I've been a fool—
The sort of fool that makes a dream his goal.

"I've worked my heart out; done a decent thing—
And no one wants it! No one wants to look
Beneath the surface of this world of ours.
It's all damned artifice. . . . I've burned my book."

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Even to me the thing seemed tragical—
As though he'd set a torch to half himself.
"What!" I cried, "burned your splendid poetry?
Laid yourself out like that upon a shelf?

"What will you do?" "I'll do as other men;
Harness my talent as a modern should.
I'll do the obvious with all my age—
The cheap, the counterfeit, the understood!

"I've a new job this night; a fine, new job—"
He spat into the shadows of the place—
"Verse-making on a magazine! The sort
That wears a painted simper on its face.

"I'm rich . . . and drunk. I had to drink or scream,
And drink goes deep with me; . . . get me to bed.
I've slaughter on my soul—and verse to make.
My editor wants—something light—he said—

"Something that's brisk and—funny." There he stood,
With those raw, suffering eyes and stared at me,
Until I near cried out. He was so white!
And older . . . older than a man should be.

I swear whole ages crumbled in his face,
For he had dreamed, and dreams are ancient things,
Bearing a harsher reckoning than Time
When once despair has crumpled up their wings.

I got him stripped and into bed at last,
The poor, spent lad! He lay there still and stark,
His smudged hands clenched across his shallow chest,
And moaned once as I crept out through the dark.

. . . . . .

Success came to him swiftly; made him drunk.
He gulped life as a drunkard gulps his bowl,
Forgetting all his splendid futile dreams—
He was an altered person to his soul.

He fattened and grew flushed; he learned to sneer;
His verses ran like swift, malignant flame,
Smirching the thing they touched and burning on
To wipe the pathway for his striding fame.

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He left the Basement then; soared up two flights
With braggart wings, bought furniture and prints,
Nonsense, we called it!—and to crown the show
Decked out his trappings in a flowered chintz.

But that phase passed. His true self's tide flowed back,
We saw him drowning in his own strange deeps;
A crawling restlessness crept from his eyes,
The sort of serpent thing that never sleeps.

A month or two he clung to his gay nest,
Beat his wings breathlessly within a shell,
Made himself live with all his flaunted things,
Grim as a tortured convict in a cell.

And then his self's self conquered. . . . One May night
When earth was breathing fragrance to its core,
And open windows drank the breath of Spring,
He came and stood within my open door.

"Please," he said, "would you mind?" . . . And there he stopped,
Sucking his cheeks in like a timid boy.
"I've gone back to the Basement. . . . I've gone back!
The other room made life seem just a toy.

"And that's not right. . . . There's something more to life
Than turning it to playthings. . . . I've gone back,
To find my book again, to do the work
I'd planned to do according to my knack."

"Your book," I said, "your book? You burned it, boy!"
He flinched. "I know. I feel its ashes still
Here on my hands. That's what I want of you—
I know that you can help me if you will."

His tone was light, and yet I heard him breathe
As men do in the ache and grip of strife.
I rose and went with him. Again he said,
"There's something more than toys to make of life."

The Basement, with its yellow tooth of light,
Grinned at us like a long-familiar face,
Whose daily wont of ugliness, revealed,
Mounts to a sin within the moment's space.

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Its gaping door still breathed the winter's chill,
  Its single window level with the street
Flickered with fragments of the passing world,
  Hummed with whispered drudgery of feet.

And yet to him its very barrenness
  Was like a savage penance. Standing there
He bruised himself upon its ugliness
  Until the sweat stood out beneath his hair.

"I asked you down," he said, "to help me think,
  To help remember." Once again the sweat
Stood out on him, and as I looked I knew
  It was his soul had made his body wet.

He gripped me with the hunger of his eyes,
  Hard as a knife his glance was, hard as steel.
"How did it go?—My book? I've thought and thought
  Until my brain is like a going wheel."

I stared at him in sudden choking pain.
  "Boy!" I said. "For my life—" He cried, "You must!
It's all behind a door inside your mind;
  It's there, if you will brush aside the dust!

"My own mind's locked against me. Now and then
  A line comes back, a bare crumb at the most.
My plan, my meaning—all the soul within
  Peers with faded features of a ghost."

"It was the Town," I said, "in all its guise.
  The Town! It was the crowds along the street;
Faces and spires and stately ships and dreams,
  Desires, and winnings, and I think—defeat."

"Defeat," he gasped, "defeat!" And then he dropped
  Down at his palsied desk and bowed his head
Upon his arms. . . . I felt my flesh grow cold
  As though that gesture meant a man struck dead.

"Oh," he said, from the prison of his arms,
  "What god would wreck a man with one mistake?
Give him two selves and to each self a sword
  So he's half slain or ever he's awake!"

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He raised his haggard face. "In every man
  There is division of the dust and dream,
And Youth is just the crossing of the swords
  Before he takes his place within the scheme.

"The Town's a citadel for all things flesh,
  And yet a man might storm it with a song,
Played he not traitor to himself. . . . I quit,
  And oh, it was the quitting that was wrong!

"I was so lonely for a thing to love,
  A single look, a passing word of praise—
I was as near to triumph as a smile,
  And now defeat, defeat for all my days!

"Cities are cruel things," he whispered then,
  "Their slaves are Failure, and their gods Defeat."
In at the window came a thrust of wind,
  Bearing the weary music of the street. . . .

He leaped up with an oath. His hand shot out,
  Snapped off the light. I saw his hot eyes burn,
Then blackness. . . . Came his whisper through the dark,
  "I would to God that I had never dreamed."
. . . . . .

The years go slowly in a boarding-house,
  Sharpened with neither passions nor despairs;
Time seems to falter in those dim, gray halls—
  The days are only footsteps on the stairs.

The Basement yawned for tenants, but none came;
  It seemed completer for its emptiness.
Gayheart had been its last. . . . To me the room
  Still wore the mantle of his soul's distress.

I never saw his face but once again;
  It was a sharp cold midnight in the fall;
Broadway lay flaming like a polished sword,
  As though one night were given to flame its all.

The theaters, bright-mouthed, poured forth a stream
  Of pallid faces that the glare struck dead.
The street crawled, and the noise went up to God
  In formless cries, like some great need unsaid.

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The buffet of false brightness swept the night
With rosy blushes to the firmament.
Here ran the riot of a hoarded world,
Here life was only reckoned to be spent!

And here, carved in that graceless art of fire,
Stood Gayheart's name, a star's height o'er the street.
His words came back to me as clear as bells,
"Their slaves are Failure, and their gods Defeat!"

Was this defeat, then? Was his fame defeat?
I knew the sort of comic thing he'd done.
Had he forgot those ashes on his hands?
Had he by hard forgetting played and won?

Then suddenly I saw him in the crowd,
Beneath that scarlet flaunting of his name.
A smooth, smug mask of flesh was on him now;
He was the very creature of his fame.

His boyishness had died. . . . His hard, clean youth
Was gone for ever 'neath a whelm of clay.
Yet as I looked I saw him lift his head,
And all his grossness seemed to fall away.

His hungry look went straight to Heaven's throne,
High up into the folded book of stars,
And on his face I saw the Quest again—
He was the seeker, fainting with his scars!

One glimpse and he was gone, . . . a soul blown on
And lost at last beneath those painted skies.
Yet he still lives! There never dawns a day
But I behold him in the City's eyes.

DANA BURNET.

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THE HATCHING OF THE WAR

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS

CHARACTERS

SATAN, the Archfiend.
BEELZEBUB, inferior only to Satan.
MOLOCH, Lord of War.
BELIAL, Lord of Lies.
RUMOR, Mother of Lord of Lies.
THE SHADE OF ATTILA, the ancient King of the Huns.
MASSACRE, MADNESS, FALSEHOOD, and other infernal shapes.

The scene is a dark, rocky, and mysterious region. Shapes and shadows are dimly discovered, and in the center, high up, a burning throne on which SATAN *is sitting, wearing an ashen crown.*

As the curtain rises the shadows uplift shadowy arms, as though in appeal to SATAN, *who remains motionless.* BEELZEBUB, *then rising, speaks.*

BEELZEBUB

Satan, how long amid the outer gloom
Must we, who shook the firmament with war,
Impotent, ineffectually plot?
Indolent malice is intolerable!
Even as that ashen crown upon thy brow.
Hark how legions murmur in the dusk!
They doubt thy leading, question thy resolve;
We stand together but for ceaseless strife,
In action is the bread of mutiny!
And to recover from that old defeat
We have had time, it seems, and time enough!
Propose some new adventure then to raise,
To rally and reanimate this host,
In some bad resurrection for us all!

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SATAN

Angel, inferior alone to me,
By mutiny I am not to be moved,
No menace I regard but my own mind;
By that condemned no condemnation feel.
Too long indeed we languish in the dusk,
But dark this dungeon only from our fears,
Heavy this night, but only from our sloth.
What fresh adventure then do I propose?
The earth is but half won, a minor star,
But still a star not quite contemptible.
Speaking of earth I use the phrase of earth,
And can but call our battle there "a draw."
Some countries Christian, a king here and there,
In spiritual skirmish we have captured,
But the main field and region of grand war
Disputed lies, an indecisive plain.
The earth is but half won, though I myself
To achieve our conquest there did not disdain
To crawl upon a belly like a snake.
Where guile did fail us there let Force prevail;
With massive fury now invade the earth,
Engines and dire artilleries of Hell;
So let us teach this race to us to bow,
And batter a dread culture into man.
Our end approaches surely, though what end
It be we know not; this at least we know:
Our time is short, with fury be it filled!

BELIAL, LORD OF LIES

O Lords, I hardly know if now I am
In order in addressing this conclave;
And though I intervene 'tis not to slight
The ancient grand prerogative of Force;
Splendid is Force, but solitary Force
Falls self-defeated, unrelieved by lies.
I, Lord of Lies, suggest I play my part,
For only here in Hell I tell the truth.
With deference I submit that I convey
Earthward my swollen, bilious Bureau
To gloze defeat and magnify success.
To each land doling its particular lie,

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So public sentiment may be seduced.
And with your high consent I would with me
Old Rumor and world-wandering Falsehood take,
A jade half crazy, but successful strangely.
With deference I submit I play my part!

SATAN

Lie-Lord, I personally like thee not,
Yet I admit thy necessary part
And I consent to use thee for my ends.

MOLOCH, LORD OF WAR

O Satan, with what glee thy words I hear,
I, Lord of War; of late my mind misgives;
A most unwholesome, steamy mildness taints
The air; a sickly, stealing, vaporous calm,
Pernicious to the soul if long allowed.
Now by thy leave such havoc I intend
As never yet encumbered battle-plain,
Using an earthly War-God for my ends,
While he imagines he is Lord, not I.
Where thousands did but tease this primal thirst,
Now millions shall supply the brimming cup,
In multitudinous, unimagined shock.
Arise, then, Massacre from thy moody couch,
Awaken at the smell of infant blood!
Madness, with rolling eye and hair out-torn,
Inspire the peoples with thy frantic soul!
What matter now the cause if ye are loosed?
Here have I space at last and boundless field!

RUMOR

I would not quench thy fury, Lord of War,
And but retail what has been widely spread:
There floats a land upon the western wave
Whose people never yet did bow to Force
And will not now; a stubborn brood and free.
America, with potent voice and arm,
Her most in our attempt we have to fear.

BELIAL, LORD OF LIES

I am content that this report go forth
If I am held no way responsible.

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SATAN

War is approved; not yet the means of war.
Since upon mortal man we launch the wrath,
Then must we use a mortal instrument.
Whom better then than one who died, yet lives,
Although in sanguinary slumber bowed,
Can we employ? Arise then—Attila!
Shake from thine eyes the long infernal sleep!
Or hast thou lost in dream the lust of blood?
Awake! A wider carnage waits thee now!

THE SHADE OF ATTILA (*rising*)

O Master, even that sleep was flecked with blood.
What else could be my dreams but battle-plains?
Ah, fiercer is this thirst for that repose!

SATAN

Attila, I despatch thee back to earth,
And with more horrid opportunity:
The field to the familiar—Chalons-plain!
I stood behind thee in thy former rage,
And now behind thee stand in rage more vast.
Once hadst thou joy in arrow and in ax;
But now exult in engines that can belch
Armies away and lay high cities flat.
Laboring Art abolish and erase,
With one loud moment silence centuries!
Thou scourge of God be now the scourge of Hell!
Spirit athirst, to Earth, and drink thy fill!

[ATTILA, *after making reverence, rushes upward, earthward. There is a pause, then from above is heard the wail of women and children.*

SATAN (*rising and grasping a mighty spear*)

Be every Hell unlocked, loosed every fiend,
Pillage and Rape unleashed upon the scent;
For by that splendor wherefrom we were thrown,
And by this thunderscar on me unhealed,
Again we challenge Heaven, our stake a star!
War to the Earth, then! Unimagined War!

Curtain

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

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FIGHTING A PHILOSOPHY

BY WILLIAM ARCHER

I

SOME people who profess to know Germany well are trying to make out that the temper of the ruling caste has not been influenced in any considerable degree by Friedrich Nietzsche. They point out that Treitschke, whose influence has certainly been enormous, would have nothing to say to Nietzsche, whom he trenchantly described as "a madman, bitten to the marrow by the *folie des grandeurs*." They prove that Nietzsche repaid the Professor's contempt with interest. They show without difficulty that Nietzsche's writings abound in sentiments which cannot be pleasing in high quarters, that he was no flatterer of the Hohenzollerns, and that he even, on occasion, criticized the German character and culture and disparaged the State. How, they ask, can the author of such heresies, the man who claimed the title of "Good European" in contradistinction to Prussian Patriot, be thought to have inspired the present war?

If we take the "ruling caste" in a strict and narrow sense, it is very likely true that its members are not much addicted to the study of Nietzsche. One cannot imagine the Kaiser, for instance, giving his days and nights to *Zarathustra*. Nevertheless, the exact agreement between the precepts of Nietzsche and the policy and practice of Germany cannot possibly be a matter of chance. There is not a move of modern Prussian statecraft, not an action of the German army since the outbreak of the war, that could not be justified by scores of texts from the Nietzschean scriptures. In many cases, no doubt, it would also be possible to find texts of an opposite tendency; for few philosophical rhapsodists have been more fertile than Nietzsche in self-contradictions. But the dominant ideas of his philosophy, the ideas most frequently and emphatically expressed—the ideas, in a word, that get home to the mind of nine readers out of ten—are precisely those which might be water-marked

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on the protocol paper of German diplomacy and embroidered on the banners of German militarism. This is certainly no mere coincidence.

It is no doubt the case that among active politicians Treitschke has had much more direct influence than Nietzsche. Moreover, it would be an error to regard either writer as a true originator of the ideas associated with his name. They are not the causes, but rather the most conspicuous symptoms, of the modern German temper. They are co-ordinate effects of that great disaster to civilization, the war of 1870. The German people were "overtaken," as our forefathers used to say, with the inebriation of victory, and the writings of the two German-Poles reek of its fumes. Each in his own way—the one with an imposing air of stolid sanity, the other with a freakish emphasis of insanity that for some time hindered his acceptance—they constructed a theoretical justification of the practical example of triumphant force that had startled and fascinated the world. Bismarck is the true author, no less of Nietzsche's philosophy, than of Treitschke's history, Nietzsche, of course, would have denied it with imprecations, but it is none the less true. Treitschke more or less consciously, and Nietzsche more or less unconsciously, gave articulate voice to the colossal swagger in stone and bronze with which the record of 1870 is written all over Germany.

Owing to the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine—which filled even Bismarck with misgiving—it became a political necessity to perpetuate and live up to the gospel of Power. The present war is the logical outcome of the material and spiritual forces set in motion in 1871; and Nietzsche, more or less unconsciously, I repeat, had provided for the average, intelligent, uncritical public—the Culture-Philistines as he himself called them—a philosophic justification of the spiritual development. That is where his direct influence is surely unmistakable. The ruling caste troubles little about philosophic justification; but the average man hugs to his heart the philosopher's violently dogmatic asseverations, in semi-biblical rhythms, that force, rapacity, unscrupulousness, pitilessness, are indispensable parts of the higher ethics of the future. By proving that conscience, as a whole, is a despicable survival of "slave morality," Nietzsche offers a potent anodyne to uneasy consciences. Is it to be doubted that millions of Germans have recourse to this soothing drug when some trait of political or military "master morality" affects them with a momentary qualm?

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It may be argued that the Germans who enlist Nietzsche on the side of Prussian Imperialism flagrantly misread him. That is possible; but the trouble is that no human being can say how he is to be read aright. To extract a coherent system from his contradictions is impossible. He recklessly flung forth wave upon wave of thought: those waves which were tuned to harmony with the prevailing vibrations of the national spirit carried their message far and wide; those which were not keyed to the right pitch were idly dissipated in space. Wherever his ideas are clear, definite, and easily translated into action, they are aggressively inhuman; wherever they stray in the direction of humanity (as, for instance, in the conception of a united Europe) they are vague, visionary, and irreconcilable with the general trend of his doctrine.

"Shall I prove to you," says Dr. Oscar Levy, who seems to be accepted by the English Nietzscheans as little less than a reincarnation of the master spirit, "shall I prove to you that a new philosophy may be a more powerful enemy than all the navies in the world?" The proof is now being attempted on a world-wide scale. Whether it will reach its Q. E. D. remains to be seen; but if not the most powerful thing on earth, the Nietzschean philosophy is certainly one of the most redoubtable.

Dr. Levy wrote in 1906. Gerhart Hauptmann, in 1914, boasts that *Zarathustra* is one of the classics which the cultured German soldier carries in his knapsack—the others being Homer, *Faust*, and the Bible. To judge by results, we may say with confidence "the greatest of these is *Zarathustra*."

Let me now show by a few quotations how strong is Nietzsche's claim to a posthumous Iron Cross of the first class, as the inspired apologist and eulogist in advance of Germany's assault upon all that the non-Nietzschean understands as civilization. My quotations shall be chosen from the four works of his complete maturity, written at a time when his ideas had attained their full development, yet before any unmistakable symptoms of insanity had set in. They are *The Joyful Wisdom*, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, *Beyond Good and Evil*, and *The Genealogy of Morals*. As Nietzsche seldom pursued a sustained argument, but chose rather to write in staccato aphorisms, he suffers less than almost any other author by the detachment of quotations from their context. In no case, so far as I am aware, does the context of the following passages modify their meaning in any favorable sense. From other portions of his writings inconsistent and even contradictory passages might, no doubt, be

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selected, but, as I have already pointed out, they are far vaguer, far feebler, far less characteristic. It may safely be asserted that the Nietzschean thought-germs which inhere and rankle are those which are barbed with inhumanity.

If we look for the key-note of the whole war, where shall we find it but in this aphorism:

> The time for petty politics is past: next century will bring the struggle for World-Dominion—the compulsion to great politics (*Beyond Good and Evil*, 208).

It is perhaps worth noting that the term rendered "World-Dominion" is not "*Welt-Herrschaft*," which might be taken in a more or less figurative sense, but "*Erd-Herrschaft*"—dominion over the earth or globe. Can it be doubted that such a philosophic-historic prophecy, reverberated a thousandfold during the past twenty years, is calculated to bring about its own fulfilment, and that millions of minds in Germany have been steeped in the idea that their racial mission was, in the next war, to secure such a rearrangement of the world

> As should to all their days and nights to come
> Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom?

Now let us look for the moral arguments whereby it is declared not only permissible, but imperative, to inflict any amount of agony upon mankind in pursuit of your self-aggrandizement, or, more technically, in gratification of your Will to Power. Here a dual principle is invoked: first, that what moralists have pusillanimously called "evil" is just as necessary a factor in evolution as what they have called "good"; second, that "good" and "evil" are mere question-begging terms, cunningly employed by groups of men in order to prejudice other groups of men whose Will to Power runs counter to their own. The following are a few of the numberless passages in which these ideas are developed:

> Hatred, mischievousness, rapacity, love of domination, and whatever else is called evil, belongs to the astounding economy of race-conservation—a costly, wasteful, very foolish economy, indeed, but *demonstrably* one which has hitherto conserved our species (*The Joyful Wisdom*, 1).

> According to this [the English] theory, the term "good" is applied to whatever tends to race-conservation, the term "evil" to whatever tends in the opposite direction. But in truth the evil impulses are just as expedient, race-conserving, and indispensable as the good—only their method of action is different (*The Joyful Wisdom*, 4).

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It may seem incredible that such transparent sophistries should for a moment impose on intelligent people; but that they have done and still do so is unfortunately beyond dispute. The idea is expanded in the following passages:

> We . . . believe that [man's] Will to Life had to be intensified into unconditioned Will to Power: We hold that hardness, violence, slavery, danger in the street, and in the heart, secrecy, stoicism, arts of temptation, and devilry of all kinds: that everything evil, terrible, tyrannical, wild-beast-like and serpent-like in man, contributes to the elevation of the species "man," just as much as its opposite—and in saying this we do not even say enough (*Beyond Good and Evil*, 44).

> To refrain from mutual injury, from violence, from exploitation, to reduce one's will to a level with that of others; this may, in a certain rough sense, be reckoned as good conduct between individuals when the necessary conditions are present (that is to say, an actual similarity in strength and worth, and a participation in some common citizenship). But as soon as an attempt is made to carry this principle further, and even to find in it *the fundamental principle of society*, it discloses itself as what it is—namely, a Will to the *denial* of life, a principle of dissolution and decay. Here one must . . . resist all sentimental weakness: life is *in its essence* appropriation, injury, the overpowering of whatever is foreign to us and weaker than ourselves, suppression, hardness, the forcing upon others of our own forms, the incorporation of others, or, at the very least and mildest, their exploitation (*Beyond Good and Evil*, 259).

If these reflections had been jotted on the tablets of a philosophic Tartar in the camp of Tamburlaine they need have occasioned no surprise; but in fact they are addressed by an ex-professor of philology, at the end of the nineteenth century, to a people which boasts itself the most cultured in the world. Is it possible to ignore the direct relation between them and the bludgeoning of Belgium, to look no farther in the German programme? How many Germans, I wonder, have soothed the pricks of conscience with this satanic optimism, and told themselves that Belgium's path to heaven lay through the raptures (*Wollust*) of Louvain, Malines, and Aerschot? That Nietzsche was sincere, in his brain-sick fashion, there can be no doubt; but the moment you think of applying such principles in justification of actual deeds of brutality they have a sickening air of cant whereof one would imagine that even the German mind could not be wholly unconscious.

Now for a passage in which it is proved that "good" and "evil" are exactly the same thing, viewed from the standpoint

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of masters and slaves, respectively, the "evil" of the humble and downtrodden being the "good" of the proud and domineering:

> How different is the sense of the two words "bad" (*schlecht*) and "evil" (*böse*)! They are both apparently opposed to the same idea, "good"; but *not* to the same conception of good. Let us ask ourselves who is actually the "evil" man, from the point of view of the resentment morality [the morality of the slaves]? To answer in all strictness: it is precisely the "good" man of the other morality, precisely the noble, the powerful, the dominating man, but reversely colored, reversely interpreted, reversely regarded by the envenomed eye of resentment. Let us in no wise deny that he who learns to know these "good" men only as enemies learns to know only *evil enemies*. Those very men who are so strictly kept within bounds by good manners, respect, usage, gratitude, and still more by mutual watchfulness, by jealousy *inter pares*, who, moreover, in their behavior to one another show themselves so inventive in consideration, self-control, delicacy, loyalty, pride and friendship—those very men are to the outside world, to things foreign and to foreign countries, little better than so many uncaged beasts of prey. Here they enjoy liberty from all social restraint, . . . they revert to the beast of prey's innocence of conscience, and become rejoicing monsters, who perhaps go on their way, after a hideous sequence of murder, conflagration, violation, torture, with as much gaiety and equanimity as if they had merely taken part in some student gambols. . . . Deep in the nature of all these noble races there lurks unmistakably the beast of prey, the *blond beast*, lustfully roving in search of booty and victory. From time to time the beast demands an outlet, an escape, a return to the wilderness (*Genealogy of Morals*, I., 11).

One cannot but conceive that the German Nietzschean of to-day must find this passage a little inconveniently frank, and must wish that the master had not been quite so explicit on the subject of the "blond beast." As for the non-Nietzschean, who argues *a priori* that the German army cannot have been guilty of barbarous excesses, because it contains a large percentage of cultured and kindly men to whom brutality is odious, they must surely feel some slight uneasiness when it is pointed out that the popular philosopher of the day, the man whose works the cultured soldier carries in his knapsack, sets it down as a characteristic of the victorious and "dominating" warrior that he should regard murder, violation, and torture as "student gambols." If it be said that such writing is not sane, and cannot be seriously accepted by sane men as a rule of conduct, I agree to the first proposition, but demur to the second. This

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philosophy of the aristocratic "blond beast" is quite seriously regarded as an epoch-making revelation by men who (though I should be sorry to guarantee the quality of their intelligence) cannot be set down as positively insane.

Let us look, now, at some other characteristics of the aristocratic race, for whose sake the world exists—the soil from which the Superman is, in the fullness of time, to spring:

> The essential point in a good and healthy aristocracy is that it shall *not* regard itself as a function (whether of the kingship or of the commonwealth) but as their *meaning* and highest justification—that it should therefore accept with a good conscience the sacrifice of untold numbers of men and women, who *for its sake* must be depressed and reduced to imperfect human beings, to slaves, to instruments. Its fundamental belief must be precisely that society ought *not* to exist for its own sake, but only as a basis and scaffolding on which a selected race of beings may be able to elevate themselves to their higher mission, and in general to a higher *existence* (*Beyond Good and Evil*, 258).

> The noble type of man feels *himself* to be the determiner of values; he looks for no approval from others, but takes his stand on the judgment, "What is hurtful to me is hurtful in itself"; he knows it to be his prerogative to confer honor on things, to be a *creator of values*. . . . A ruling-class morality is, however, particularly strange and disagreeable to the prevailing taste of the day, by reason of the sternness of its principle that one has duties only to one's equals: that one may act toward beings of a lower order, and toward everything that is foreign, just as seems good to one . . . and in any case "beyond good and evil" (*Beyond Good and Evil*, 260).

If we did not know that this was written more than a quarter of a century ago, might we not suppose it a fresh-coined paradox designed to justify retrospectively the Prussian policy of 1914? The great German State "has duties only to its equals"; but as it has no equals, it follows that it has no duties. Especially to Belgium, a "foreign" State "of a lower order," it is more than justified in behaving with a total disregard of moral prejudices. If the philosophical education of that hapless little country had not been neglected she would have bethought her of the following "principle," and let Germany trample over her unopposed:

> At risk of wounding innocent ears, I lay down the principle that egoism is of the essence of the noble soul. I mean the immovable belief that to a being such as "we are" other beings are by nature subject, and are bound to sacrifice themselves (*Beyond Good and Evil*, 265).

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Belgium ought to have felt honored by the opportunity of effacing herself at the command of the "noble" German egoism; but, alas! her pitiful "slave morality" prompted her to die rather than renounce her rights and obligations at the nod of the "blond beast, lustfully roving in search of booty and victory." In another place Nietzsche provides us with a still more striking image for the German spirit of domination. If Belgium had only kept the following pretty little fable before her eyes, she might have been more amenable to reason:

> That the lambs should bear a grudge against the great birds of prey is in no way surprising; but that is no reason why we should blame the great birds of prey for picking up the little lambs. And if the lambs say among themselves, "These birds of prey are evil; and whoso is as unlike as possible to a bird of prey, and as like as possible to its opposite, a lamb—shall we not call him good?" One can have no objection to the setting up of such an ideal, except that the birds of prey are likely to regard it rather mockingly, and say, "We bear no grudge against these good lambs; on the contrary, we love them —for nothing is more to our taste than a tender lamb." To demand of strength that it should *not* manifest itself as strength, that it should *not* be a will for overcoming, for overthrowing, for mastery, a thirst for enemies and struggles and triumphs, is as absurd as to demand of weakness that it should manifest itself as strength (*Genealogy of Morals*, I., 13).

If Nietzsche were now alive, would he, I wonder, have sufficient detachment of spirit to realize that recent events have falsified his last illustration, and shown that there is nothing absurd in the idea of weakness manifesting itself as strength? What else has Belgium done? Her weakness has been transmuted into strength by the power of a heroic spirit and an intense indignation. By any standard not purely material and mechanical, it is Belgium, not Germany, that is to-day the "noble," the "aristocrat," the "creator of values."

As for general exhortations to war and denunciations of the spirit of pity, of humanity, of gentleness, of justice, it is difficult to select from their abundance. Here is a prophecy the fulfilment of which Germany is obediently endeavoring to bring about, though we trust she may be ultimately baffled:

> We owe it to Napoleon . . . that several warlike centuries, unexampled in history, are now likely to follow one another, in short, that we have entered upon *the classical age of war*, of scientific and yet popular war on the grandest scale . . . to which all coming millenniums will look back with envy and reverence, as to an ideal realized (*The Joyful Wisdom*, 362).

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The same ideas inspire the following passage, which contains the most famous, and, indeed, the finest, of all Nietzsche's maxims:

> I rejoice in all signs that a more manly, more warlike age is beginning, which will, before all things, bring bravery once more into repute! For it must prepare the way for a still loftier age, and store up the forces necessary to it—that age which shall carry heroism into the domain of knowledge, and *wage wars* on behalf of ideas and their consequences. . . . Believe me, the secret of extracting the greatest profit and enjoyment from existence is this: *live dangerously!* Build your cities on Vesuvius! Launch your ships on uncharted seas! Live at war with your equals and with yourselves! Be robbers and conquerors, ye enlightened ones, so long as ye cannot be rulers and possessors (*The Joyful Wisdom*, 283).

Apart from its context, the exhortation to "live dangerously" sounds generous and noble. It is indeed the finer sort of men who love "the bright face of danger," and choose for themselves the tasks, duties, and adventures from which those of softer fiber shrink. Life is full of opportunities for this type of man to enjoy the exhilaration of peril, either in the service of others or, at all events, under conditions which involve neither tyranny nor cruelty. But how the splendor of the saying fades when we find that it is not the danger of the lifeboat-man, the explorer, the mountaineer, that Nietzsche has in mind, but the danger of the bully and the bravo! It is not by preserving others from danger, but by inflicting it on them (of course with injustice, rapine, and cruelty in its train) that the adept of this gospel is to "extract the greatest profit and enjoyment from existence."

The reader may possibly feel that such passages cannot have been intended to be read literally—that they must be taken as figurative utterances, having reference to some spiritual plane of existence on which robbery and conquest, rapine and cruelty, mean something very different from what they mean on the common earth. It is true that Nietzsche mixes up the literal and the figurative in the most reckless way. In many of his most characteristic outpourings he himself would probably have been at a loss to tell whether he meant what he said or something quite different. It is unfortunate that, during his lifetime, criticism simply ignored his writings, and no attempt was made to cross-examine him, to pin him down to definite meanings, to confront him with the consequences of his doctrines, if read in their plain and obvious sense. He enjoyed the irresponsibility

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conferred by neglect; and this is precisely what renders his "aphorisms" so dangerous. Literally interpreted, they would lead straight back to chaos; even his most ardent disciples must, at many points, read him in a figurative sense; but they are perfectly free to take his words literally whenever it suits them —as Germany is doing at the present moment.

Such an ambiguity encounters us in the following famous passage:

> My brethren in war! I love you from my heart's heart. . . . Therefore let me tell you the truth!
>
> I know the hate and envy of your heart. Ye are not great enough not to know hate and envy. Then be great enough not to be ashamed of them.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Ye shall be of those whose eye is ever seeking an enemy—*your* enemy. And some of you know hatred at first sight.
>
> Ye shall seek your enemy, ye shall wage your war, and wage it for your thoughts. And, if your thought be overthrown, your honesty shall none the less shout victory!
>
> Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars. And the short peace better than the long.
>
> I do not counsel you to work, but to fight. I do not counsel you to peace, but to conquest. Let your work be a battle, your peace a victory.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Ye say a good cause will hallow even war? I say unto you it is the good war that halloweth every cause (*Zarathustra:* "Of War and Warriors").

One of these verses (the fourth) may at a pinch be read as referring to intellectual rather than physical conflicts. It must be in a war of ideas, not in a struggle for material advantage, that the vanquished is adjured to shout, "Victory!"—that is, to admit that truth has triumphed, though he himself be overthrown.[1] But though this verse is, strictly speaking, irreconcilable with the idea of strife in its literal, physical sense, the whole passage has always been, and cannot but be, interpreted as a eulogy of war precisely as it is waged by the Prussian General Staff.

The ambiguity, nay, contradiction, in the terms of this passage is only an example of Nietzsche's intellectual unscrupulousness.

[1] It may be said that this interpretation is inconsistent with Nietzsche's general attitude toward the concept "truth." But in what other sense are we to read the passage? Thought can only be overthrown by more valid thought; and is not validity the Nietzchean test of truth?

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Finally, that our suffragist friends may be in no doubt as to what awaits them if the spirit of Nietzsche wins in this war, let me remind them of the following oft-quoted texts:

Man shall be trained for war, and woman for the solace of the warrior. Everything else is folly.

. . . . . .

Thou goest to women? Forget not thy whip (*Zarathustra*: "Of Old and Young Womankind").

II

I submit that, when a body of doctrine is known to have countless adherents in the country of its origin, and when the political and military conduct of the country is found to be in every detail exactly consonant with that doctrine, we cannot possibly resist the conclusion that it is one of the factors which render such conduct possible. In this case, as I have already suggested, it is a symptom as well as a cause. Nietzsche certainly did not beget the German frame of mind. But what can be more evident than that he has fomented and stimulated it, providing it with a philosophic background, and bringing Prussian Junkerdom into line with a congenially swaggering theory of the universe? He has hitched Mark Brandenburg to the stars in their courses.

What, then, are we to say of this philosophy? Is it a sane, a wholesome, a tenable theory of life? Is it desirable that the world of the future should be shaped in accordance with its dictates?

Let us first note that it is, above everything, a temperament-philosophy, a transcript of character. Henrik Ibsen, in a well-known epigramme, has said, "To poetize [*dichten*] is to hold judgment-day upon oneself." Nietzsche, on the other hand, might have said, "To philosophize is to effect one's own apotheosis." He admits as much, in more than one passage, saying, for example, "The greater part of the conscious thinking of a philosopher is secretly influenced by his instincts."

Now the determining factor in Nietzsche's mental habit is certainly to be found in his persistent ill-health. From early manhood onward he was a chronic sufferer, with only occasional intervals of tolerable bodily comfort. A doctor, seeking to prove that the root of his malady was neglected eye-strain, has drawn up, from his correspondence and other sources, an appalling catalogue of his illnesses. One of his most frequent

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afflictions was violent headache, with vomiting, which used often to last for many days on end. Those of us who are at all subject to sick headache know that a few hours of it are sufficient to bring us to the verge of suicide, and that two or three recurrences of it a year are a serious trial to an otherwise healthy man. There were long periods in Nietzsche's life when his days of anguish seem to have outnumbered his days of comparative ease. It is to me incredible that these persistent headaches were not premonitions of his ultimate insanity. His father died insane; and though an attempt is made to attribute his breakdown entirely to some accidental lesion, the coincidence is, to say the least of it, curious. But, putting aside the question of mental disease, we are certainly entitled to say that a man who was such a martyr to physical disease in the region of the brain was unlikely to take a very normal and healthy view of life. His mental attitude could not but be in some measure warped.

And warped it was, in a curious but quite comprehensible way. Nietzsche, like Robert Louis Stevenson—an almost exact contemporary who probably never heard of him—was driven by reaction against his bodily frailties into an imaginery attitude of aggressive robustness, of overpowering health, of ostentatious virility. Both men were in reality very brave, very stoical; and as Nietzsche's maladies seem to have been more painful, more depressing, than Stevenson's, his is perhaps the greater merit. But in both men the effort to react against what Cassius calls "accidental evils" led to a certain loss of equilibrium and over-emphasis of fortitude. In Stevenson's case the lack of balance was very slight, and tended to disappear as time went on. It is only in his early years that we find him a little shrill in his praises of the world as a "brave gymnasium," full of matchless opportunities for "sea-bathing and horse-riding and bracing manly virtue." It was only to such innocent exaggerations that his wholesome and kindly spirit was at any time prone. But in Nietzsche's congenitally irritable, arrogant, atrabilious nature the effort "to keep a stiff upper lip" led to far other and uglier excesses. The supersensitive, quivering little invalid, who could never even find a woman willing to marry him, constructed for himself an ideal entity, physically his opposite, spiritually his counterpart—the great "blond beast," the human bird of prey, the conqueror, the destroyer, the slave-driver, the despiser of "herd morality." And to the stridulous persistence with which he preached this ideal there

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can be little doubt that his countrymen's stolid neglect of his writings contributed. They fell still-born from the press, until at last he had to break in upon his own scanty capital in order to pay for the printing of them. Tragic indeed is the tale of his struggle against chilling indifference—it might well have embittered an originally sweeter nature. The enthusiastic friendships of his youth cooled and flickered out. In the end Zarathustra had but one faithful disciple, though his last twenty years of sanity were brightened by recognition from Taine in France and George Brandes in Denmark. There have been few unhappier men than this lonely, unappreciated, jaundiced genius, wandering from third-rate pension to pension, in search of a little sunshine and health. But his pride forbade him to give in and "say Nay" to life. He felt that an invalid had no right to be a pessimist.

> Under the bludgeonings of chance,
> His head was bloody, but unbowed.

He took revenge on the world as he knew it by constructing one in which all the impulses, balked in his own nature, should have free and unbridled course. One cannot read him without feeling that he was not so unhappy, after all, since, in penning his ruthless paragraphs, he enjoyed ecstasies of that wild-beast-like destructiveness which was an essential part of his ideal.

Docked of its wantonness and virulence of expression, his philosophy is at many points acceptable enough. The Will to Power does not perceptibly differ from the Will to Live, or, if it does, it differs for the worse, as being a less universal concept. No one doubts the relativity of ethical standards or the need of a transvaluation of many of our values, though Nietzsche himself would surely have admitted fortitude to be a tolerably permanent virtue, while it is hard to imagine a transvaluation which should make temperance (for example) a vice. The Superman, reasonably interpreted, becomes an innocent eugenic ideal. What Nietzsche actually meant by him will for ever remain doubtful. Sometimes he writes of him as an individual —as though all the groaning and travail of creation had no end save the production of a single super-Napoleon. At other times (more sanely) he uses Superman as a collective term for a breed or caste, a highly developed variety of the genus "blond beast," which, as he shrewdly conjectures, will very much resemble what the common man of to-day would describe as a legion of devils. But in this diabolism there is a touch of grim

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humor, a half-confessed mischievousness, and desire to "*épater le bourgeois.*" So far as his practical recipes for the reproduction of the Superman go, they are little more than eugenic commonplaces.

The really noxious feature of Nietzsche's philosophy—apart from its general inhumanity of temper—is the division of mankind into masters and slaves, and the assertion that this is a desirable arrangement, conducive to the perfecting of the race. There may be some historical truth (along with much exaggeration) in the assignment of certain moral concepts to "master morality" and "slave morality," respectively. Over this contribution to the "genealogy of morals" it is needless to quarrel. But to make the enslavement of the mass of humanity the fundamental requisite for an ideal (and apparently rigid, static, undeveloping) social State, was to supply aristocratic, plutocratic, and especially military arrogance with a pseudo-philosophic catchword that lends itself to the most hideous abuse. Very naturally it is this "stupendous addition to human knowledge" (as an English disciple calls it) upon which all the little Nietzsches of his following, who cultivate his insolence without a trace of his talent, fasten with parrot-cries of delight. They may not be exactly Superman, for the production of that glorious race is to be a matter of time, but they can here and now rank themselves on the side of the Masters, and contemn the herd. It needs no profound acquaintance with the literature inspired by Nietzsche to realize that he has at least succeeded in begetting a flourishing brood of super-snobs. Nor is it doubtful that these energumens abound in the high places of Pan-Germanism—military, political, and journalistic. Does not Nietzsche speak in every line of the following effusion by Herr K. F. Wolff, in *Pan-Germanische Blätter* for September last?[1]

> There are two kinds of races, master races and inferior races. Political rights belong to the master race alone, and can only be won by war. This is a scientific law, a law of biology. . . . It is *unjust* that a rapidly increasing master race should be struggling for room behind its own frontier, while a declining inferior race can stretch its limbs at ease on the other side of that frontier. The inferior race will not be educated in the schools of the master race, nor will any school be established for it, nor will its language be employed in public. (Should it rebel,) it is necessary to use the most violent means to crush such insurrection, and not to encumber the prisons afterward. Thus the conquerors can best work for the annihilation of the conquered,

[1] Quoted by Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher in *Oxford Pamphlets.*

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and break for ever with the prejudice which would claim for a beaten race any right to maintain its nationality or its native tongue.

Here we see an easy but very significant transition has been effected. Nietzsche knew nothing of any master nation existing in the world to-day. His doctrine was that within all nations there was a master aristocracy, and a "herd" living in more or less disguised slavery. But Herr Wolff gaily transfers the "Master" quality from individuals to a whole nation—the Germans—and the slave quality to a whole nation, manifestly the French, who have no right to "stretch their limbs at ease on the other side of their frontier." This is, of course, a misreading of Nietzsche, but it is a misreading to which he lends himself only too readily, and there is every reason to believe that it is a misreading very widely accepted in Germany.

That Nietzsche was a man of genius there is no doubt. He had flashes of amazing lucidity. He had a disintegrating intellect of such abnormal power that at last it disintegrated itself. To his mastery of language German testimony is unanimous, though an English reader is apt to find more than a touch of the falsetto in his constant underscorings[1] and points of exclamation. But one gift he never possessed—a gift most essential to the man who aspires to shape the spiritual life of the future—the gift of sanity. It is for specialists to determine at what stage of his career definite mental disease set in; for us it is enough to note that at no time after 1870 can he be said to have possessed either a sound body or a sound mind. His attitude to life is thoroughly morbid, his reading of its laws essentially mad; and his mad philosophy was at once an effect and a very potent cause of that German madness which is convulsing the world.

What a calamity that this national aberration should have found a man of sympathetically aberrant genius to interpret and intensify it! In a very real sense it is the philosophy of Nietzsche that we are fighting.

[1] It must be admitted that spaced words in German are rather less emphatic than our italicized words.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

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THE WAR: A BRITISH VIEW

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

We live in great days, great and invigorating days; invigorating I call them, for England has discarded some frivolity and is risking everything in a noble battle for the right.

From one point of view we are waging war against a bullying system which has set itself to dominate the world; we are restraining a nation from placing its boot on the face of Europe, as I have good authority for saying a Prussian officer did to a wounded Englishman—a typical and unpardonable act. The European bully must be vanquished; that is one clear necessity.

From higher ground, however, the war is seen to be a war of ideals, a conflict between two ideals of government: the English ideal of a commonwealth of nations, a group of friendly States, some larger, some smaller, some stronger, some weaker, but all working together and contributing each her quota for the good of humanity and the progress of the world—that is the ideal on the one hand; and on the other, the Prussian ideal of a single glorified State, dominating all others, enforcing its will despotically, imposing its customs, its learning, and its culture on all the rest of the world. This ideal is that of a strong, resolute autocracy, ruling all Europe, not with the consent of the governed, but in spite of their remonstrance and ignoring their dislike; a government so strong as to be able to crush all opposition and to do away with all freedom except the freedom to do precisely as you are told; the replacement, in fact, of freedom by coercion. For Treitschke has taught, and his disciples thoroughly believe, that the greatness and good of the world is to be found in the predominance there of German culture, of the German mind, in a word, of the German character. His school looks for the establishment of a German world-empire in accordance with the motto, "World Power or Down-

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fall"; and the subjugation of England is an essential preliminary. Toward the attainment of this ideal the German nation has made immense preparations; it has also made vast sacrifices; it will be a wonder if it has not sold its soul.

The years 1866 and 1870 were the fatal years of Prussian supremacy and success. Up to that time German art, German science, German history, were admired and envied throughout the world. It had gloried in the era of Goethe, of Beethoven, and of Helmholtz. Since that date the great men of Germany have been few; the decline then begun has continued. With some exceptions, no doubt, they have lost their faith in unselfish action; they disbelieve in chivalry; they deny any moral government of the world; they believe in the rule of the strongest.

In mechanism and apparatus the nation still ranks high; it has devoted itself to the design and construction of appliances, specially those which can be used in war. We are fighting a nation of machines. In war material it is unrivaled; in personnel it is lacking; its army is itself a machine.

To it we of the Allied Nations oppose Men, individual resource and character, the domination of personality—handicapped, I fear, by insufficient preparation.

Determination there is on both sides; for not in biological metaphor, but in dire reality, it is a struggle for existence. The two ideals are in the field against each other; one must emerge triumphant, the other must be defeated. There can be no halting between two opinions. It is a very ancient alternative—"If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." There can be no peace till the prophets of Baal are exterminated and the falseness of their creed displayed. Up and down, backward and forward, the fighting-line may surge, but there can be only one end. Of this we should be well assured while striving with all our might for its accomplishment. Toward this some are giving their lives or the lives of those dear to them; others are giving of their substance, and this without stint, for if the cause of God is not triumphant, life on this planet will be no longer worth living. Death is preferable to German rule of the kind we should experience if conquered and if the dormant national hate, fostered by lies and now fanned into a blaze, were set free on the vanquished. What has been done in Belgium would be done in England, and more, too. The Belgian homes are an object lesson, clearly displaying the character and consequences of the Prussian ideal. The ravages are due to

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no isolated and accidental savagery; they were ordered as part of a consistent policy of terrorism and enslavement. The root of the policy being bad, the fruits are bad too.

Able Prussian writers seek to justify any and every unfair and barbarous act which may seem likely to promote their cause. It is a campaign of lying and spying, of intimidation and ruthless massacre of all who call their soul their own.

Yet I must assume that they are not consciously evil, only diabolically misguided. For they, too, have an ideal, I grant them that—one which has become deeply ingrained and has spread from Prussia to the rest of Germany, deceived as it has been, with the truth sedulously kept from it. There will be an awakening; and already there must be many thousands who have not bowed the knee to Baal, who long for freedom as we do, and who will in due time make their voices heard. Amid the glamor of apparent success they cannot speak, but when disasters come, when they can no longer be concealed, and the nation learns how it has been befooled, when it realizes how it has befooled itself, then the wholesome elements in the nation will emerge and will strike down the dominant party with execration and anathemas.

For this conclusion we can bide our time. Internal forces will work the necessary disruption so long as we make no feeble, no hasty, no inconclusive peace. It is no time to talk of peace yet, nor will it be for long. Humanity cannot afford to forego the gain to be derived from a struggle such as this, nor can it run the risk of having such an awful conflict ever repeated. Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.

And, fortunately, the nations are united as never they have been before. So that a preparation is being made for friendly union among the nations of Europe, and ultimately for that federation of the world to which prophets have been long looking forward. Many horrors, much aerial fighting, will precede that time. Tennyson foresaw it all. You remember how he

> Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
> From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
> Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

Yes, the federation of kindred and friendly nations, each with its own independent powers and aptitudes, its separate life and genius. So will our ideal of free institutions and self-respecting communities be fulfilled—that settled policy of free government

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which has resulted in the loyal colonies and devoted daughter nations of the British Empire.

The result of the struggle will be ultimately wholesome for all the nations concerned, including Germany; for what will be defeated will not be Germany, but a miserably wrong-headed philosophy of life. The Germany to which we owe so much science and learning and art will be reborn; it will throw off the schackles of a cramping and overpowering despotism of evil.

While as to Belgium—I quote from a book by members of the Oxford Faculty of Modern History, called *Why We Are at War:*

> Those who have hitherto known Belgium only as a hive of manufacturing and mining industry, or as a land of historic memories and monuments, are now recognizing, with some shame for their past blindness, the moral and spiritual qualities which her people have developed under the aegis of a European guarantee. It is now beyond dispute that, if Belgium were obliterated from the map of Europe, the world would be the poorer and Europe put to shame. The proofs which Belgium has given of her nationality will never be forgotten while liberty has any value or patriotism any meaning among men. . . . In fighting for Belgium we fight for the law of nations; that is, ultimately, for the peace of all nations and for the right of the weaker to exist.

ERRONEOUS AND MISLEADING THEORIES

The errors which are now supreme in Germany are: first, a glorification of war, based on a misreading of Darwinism; and, second, an enthronement of mere power, a belief in the unmoral supremacy of the State.

Consider them for a moment. First, a misreading of Darwinism; a misunderstanding of the phrase "struggle for existence" as conducive to evolution, so that slaughter and active conflict seem the highest good. The Darwinian struggle is not of this order at all. It is a selection of the fittest to survive among a crowd of organisms which cannot possibly all survive; a selection of those most fitted to the environment. It is akin to the natural competition and effort with which we are all acquainted in peace-time; it is not like war at all. Moreover, in so far as there is savagery associated with it, Darwin himself, and Huxley, conspicuously in his Romanes Lecture, taught that this unconscious struggle ought not to apply to civilized humanity, whose business it was to contend against and dominate the cosmic process.

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Since this matter is misunderstood by many people, and since Huxley's clear utterance on the subject is not so well known as it ought to be, I will make two quotations from his writings. In 1888 he wrote as follows:[1]

> . . . society differs from nature in having a definite moral object; whence it comes about that the course shaped by the ethical man—the member of society or citizen—necessarily runs counter to that which the non-ethical man—the primitive savage, or man as a mere member of the animal kingdom—tends to adopt. The latter fights out the struggle for existence to the bitter end, like any other animal; the former devotes his best energies to the object of setting limits to the struggle.

And in 1894 he developed the subject further, writing thus:

> Men in society are undoubtedly subject to the cosmic process. As among other animals, multiplication goes on without cessation, and involves severe competition for the means of support. The struggle for existence tends to eliminate those less fitted to adapt themselves to the circumstances of their existence. The strongest, the most self-assertive, tend to tread down the weaker. But the influence of the cosmic process on the evolution of society is the greater the more rudimentary its civilization. Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process; the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be the fittest, in respect of the whole of the conditions which obtain, but of those who are ethically the best.
>
> As I have already urged, the practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion it demands self-restraint; in place of thrusting aside, or treading down, all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help his fellows; its influence is directed, not so much to the survival of the fittest as to the fitting of as many as possible to survive. It repudiates the gladiatorial theory of existence. It demands that each man who enters into the enjoyment of the advantages of a polity shall be mindful of his debt to those who have laboriously constructed it; and shall take heed that no act of his weakens the fabric in which he has been permitted to live. Laws and moral precepts are directed to the end of curbing the cosmic process and reminding the individual of his duty to the community, to the protection and

[1] These extracts may be read in the volume called *Evolution and Ethics* in the Eversley edition of Huxley's Essays, pages 203 and 81–83.

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influence of which he owes, if not existence itself, at least the life of something better than a brutal savage. . . .

Let us understand, once for all, that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it.

The second error is the absolute enthronement of material power, the blasphemous notion that nothing higher than the State exists, and that there is no moral law, human or divine, to which the strongest State is subject; nothing above its own conception of what is beneficial to itself. Expediency becomes the supreme guide; all other considerations are signs of weakness and timidity; the sole national virtue is power to execute what it intends; the one fatal sin is deficiency of power. If any given State is supremely strong there exists no power above it; it is free to execute its own behests and to dominate and coerce the world.

It is this pernicious doctrine which has practically abrogated all international law; it is this which regards treaties as scraps of paper whenever they become inconvenient; this which has harried Belgium and intended to harry France and England with fire and sword. The theological doctrine of the crucial importance of right belief and of the damnation that follows wrong belief has never been so conspicuously illustrated. For these cruelties are not perpetrated out of mere viciousness, except, I suppose, by the miserable agents who lose their heads and become temporarily insane amid the unnatural license conferred upon them; no, these villainies are perpetrated as the outcome of an erroneous theory, a mistaken view of life, a miserably inadequate and essentially atheistic conception of the universe, and in pursuit of a blasphemous ideal.

All this is what must be overthrown; and so great is the importance of the final demonstration of its falsity that a heavy price is being paid for it, in suffering and death. In no other way could the conviction of error be so thoroughly burnt into the conscience of humanity.

And the conditions for the proof are sound. No one will be able to say that the German nation was weak, that it was caught unprepared, that it had not every advantage which the appliances and discoveries of the nineteenth century could grant it. In all adventitious and material ways it had immensely the advantage. It chose its own time, and it struck with vigor, determination, and enthusiasm. Only on the

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spiritual, the immaterial side, was it deficient; and so the conscience of humanity has risen up against it, and it will be defeated.

This war is a veritable crusade, waged against the powers of evil, against a policy of lies, and of engineered and intentional brutality. The agents themselves, being men and not fiends, may sometimes have failed to execute to the full all the consequences of the abominable doctrine of their leaders; but enough has been done, and more, alas! will be done, to demonstrate their evil guidance.

If that view of life predominated, if the doctrine were successful that everything and anything was justified that seemed likely to strengthen the State, or to answer its immediate purpose, without any higher power dominating and redeeming the physical, then indeed hell would have come upon earth, and humanity would go down into the pit.

It may be that such a calamity is physically possible, but it must not be permitted. The whole strength of every enlightened nation and of every individual in the nation must combine to resist it. And if England is in the van, as it is in the forefront of the battle, if it draw upon itself, as it is doing, the hatred and fierce antagonism of the powers of evil, so much the more joyful and hopeful for the England of the future. It will come out of the struggle braced and invigorated and renewed in the spirit of its mind.

We needed this effort and this sacrifice of ease and prosperity, but the sinews of the nation are still sound. She has seen dark days before; indeed, as Emerson says, "*she has a kind of instinct that she sees a little better on a cloudy day.*"

And those who are young have the joy of taking part in the struggle, and will reap the fruits of the great national experience henceforth throughout their lives. Let them see to it that they make use of their opportunities and have nothing to regret when the trial is over, when victory supervenes and peace reigns once more. Other less obvious opportunities there will always be when these exceptional ones are gone—that is true—but lost opportunities never return.

I venture to say this also to those friendly nations which have hitherto remained neutral: Now is your opportunity for world service. Now are being laid the foundations of your future history.

OLIVER LODGE.

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WAR THOUGHTS

BY THEODORE S. WOOLSEY

DAY by day in these autumn days of 1914 one's mind turns inevitably to the tremendous happenings abroad, studying their causes, learning their progress, speculating as to their results. One can write of nothing else, because one can think of nothing else. Six months ago I could not believe Germany rash enough to measure her strength and Austria's against the land power of France and Russia, against the navies of France and Britain, against the wealth and resources of the Entente. Yet now one sees, given Germany as she is, how inevitably it had to come; one sees how certainly the ambition of one State for greater power and wider territory will be resisted by the other States most nearly threatened. Let us state this Balance of Power principle in its simplest terms. Here are three related States, A, B, and C; A waxes so strong, so ambitious, as to threaten the existence of B or C; B and C are impelled by the necessity of self-defense to combine and pull A down. As a result C may in turn grow in power and be swayed by a similar desire; then A and B in like manner unite to check her. Thus it was with Athens, Thebes, and Sparta in the Peloponnesian War. So, too, Spain, the Pope, and Venice combined against the aggression of France in the early sixteenth century, and presently Venice found herself thwarted by the same great principle; Louis XIV. was checked by it; Napoleon was overthrown by it; the Crimean War was an example of it. Every State which desired a better "place in the sun" at the expense of its neighbors has had to reckon with it. The Balance of Power principle is an accepted part of the fundamental policy of Europe. But it was not held to apply to sea power nor to commercial greatness. And one Continent only felt its working.

There came a time when the Balance of Power principle seemed obsolete. In three wars, 1864, 1866, 1870, Prussia proved her right to German leadership, built up a powerful German Empire, greatly enlarged its borders, and won the first place in Europe. To preserve what it had gained, and maintain

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the *status quo*, a balancing of alliances was introduced into European politics, a triple alliance *vs.* a dual alliance which later became a triple entente. These were based upon the same old necessity of self-defense, but the Balance of Power idea was lost sight of. Space is wanting to describe this development. It did not satisfy. The onlooking States in these recent years have seen the growth of a German military machine so perfect and so mighty as to fill them with fear for their own safety. Now and then the sword was rattled in its scabbard to emphasize the demands of German statesmen or to secure something good for German allies, since allies must be paid for their sacrifices. The creation of a powerful navy supplemented the military growth. But this was not all. Her anxious and watchful neighbors have also seen the upspringing of a political philosophy in Germany which frankly threatened the integrity of the whole European structure. Room to expand; woe to the weak; the future is for the strong man armed: such was the strong meat fed to a simple and naturally gentle people until it turned the brain. Such was the ominous doctrine preached by soldier, historian, statesman, backed by huge army increase, war Zeppelins, strategic railways, Dreadnoughts, by all the tremendous enginery of war. Was it meaningless? Is it aimed at me or me? So each State asked itself in turn, and armed itself in response. The very perfection of the war machine, the philosophy which confused might and right, the truculence of a military caste whose prejudices and interests warped the national good sense, how inevitably when the day came these found themselves confronted by a European coalition, by eight States in arms and six more in sympathy with them. It is the Balance of Power principle again, revived because it is fundamentally right and vitally needed. But it is revived with this difference, that now sea power is included, and the Asiatic Continent. It has become a world-wide principle.

Let us go a step further. Suppose, as a result of the Great War, that the Allies are triumphant and Germany humiliated. Suppose in years to come Russia so powerful and so minded as in turn to threaten the peace and independence of Europe. Then again we should see a combination: Sweden, Germany, France, England, and others united against Russia, the Balance of Power principle operative once more.

But must this Old World ever pursue this bloody round?

Yes, unless the world disarms.

THEODORE S. WOOLSEY.

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THE OFFICIAL FAULT-FINDER

BY AGNES REPPLIER

If the fault-finder, like death, has all seasons for his own, he reaps, like death, a double harvest in these dark days of warfare and calamity. Whenever great emergencies have to be met and conquered, whenever the hard task of governing grows insuperably difficult, whenever men are called on to do their utmost for the safety of their endangered homes, or for the needs of their suffering fellow-creatures, the fault-finder —full of ingenious casuistry and the darkest doubts—dispenses blame with royal prodigality. He sets himself the congenial task of paralyzing energy, chilling enthusiasm, and dimming the glory of endeavor.

It is hardly worth while to dwell upon Mr. Bernard Shaw, who, in this weak age of compromise, stands gloriously alone, the one living man who finds fault impartially with everything and everybody. He does not stoop to pick and choose. He does not potter weakly over exceptions. He records at intervals his simple and sincere conviction that the world holds upward of two billion fools, and one true seer. He has the natural scorn of the man of words for the man of deeds, of the man who is care-free for the man who is burdened with responsibility, of the man who is safe for the man who is in peril, of the man who lives for himself for the man who dies for his country. His impartiality does him credit. It used to hurt our feelings when he gave us to understand that he loathed and despised Americans more than he loathed and despised other nations; but we are slowly creeping back to self-esteem. If we are only part of a loathsome and despicable universe, we must put up with our share of shame. When Mr. Shaw consents to die, it will matter little where he goes. His aversion to heaven and to hell will be too well balanced to permit a choice.

It is hardly to be expected that lesser fault-finders should bear comparison with this great master of the art; or that a

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country which is at peace should be blamed as generously as a country which is fighting for its life. We have fought for our life in our day, and we know that there was then no lack of snapping at our heels. Now that the only part we play is that of the philanthropist, now that the only task we set ourselves is to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and nurse the wounded, shrill protests against our benevolence are heard on every side. Pacificists warn us that we are encouraging war; economists warn us that we are sending to Europe the help which is needed at home; socialists warn us that every cent we save, and every stitch we sew, is an injury to some working-man or to some working-woman at our doors.

One agitated correspondent writes to the *Survey* that nations would be less ready to fight if they did not rely on the Red Cross Society to help and succor their wounded; that "men who deliberately go to war should be prepared to meet its consequences without depending on outside aid," and that "such aid should be denied them by all lovers of peace." It does not seem to occur to this kind-hearted lady that governments do not always "deliberately go to war." Sometimes the war comes to them, and in a fashion that can no more be denied than can the proverbial wolf when it knocks unbidden at the door. Neither does she pause to consider that the men who, whether for love of conquest or to save the State, declare war, are not the men who lie shattered in the trenches, and whom she would have us abandon in their agony.

Other and no less determined fault-finders anathematize their fellow-citizens who—because of reduced incomes or increased charities—see fit to moderate their expenses. Saving is a sin which ranks next to spending. If a rich man gives a ball with his usual lavish expenditure, somebody calculates the number of Belgian babies he has starved by not applying that money to their needs. If, as a matter of taste, he forbears to flaunt his wealth before a community which is heavy-hearted with the thought of homeless thousands, somebody else calculates the number of florists, and caterers, and provision-dealers, and wine merchants whom he has robbed by false economy, and asks with bitterness how *these* people and their dependents are expected to live through the winter? If, as an honest man, he comes to the conclusion that he is not warranted in keeping three footmen and two chauffeurs while wounded soldiers die for want of hospital supplies, a third somebody, no less indignant, wants to know if footmen's wives

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and chauffeurs' children are to pay the penalty for such capricious benevolence? And all these somebodies wax eloquent in sympathetic newspapers over their neighbor's inevitable derelictions.

Meanwhile it occurs to subtle minds that humanity breeds partisanship, that courage makes fighting possible, that patriotism is an incentive to war. We are told that knitting scarfs and sweaters for soldiers is an overt offense against neutrality. It implies that we are concerned with the comfort of French, or English, or German fighting-men; whereas, to be strictly neutral, we should seem equally indifferent to all. The state of mind which is recommended is one of absolute blankness.

Vacant heart, and hand, and eye.

We are solemnly warned that Boy Scouts and Cadet Corps "hold grave menace for the future"; that if we permit American lads to be imbued with the love of America, rather than with an impartial love for "comrades and brothers all over the world," they will end by fighting for their country if she be imperiled,—a possibility too painful for consideration. Even flag drills carry their share of danger. If children are taught to honor one flag more than another, they may some day deem it a duty to defend this flag against others,—a point of view which is, or should be, "unthinkable."

"Many men, many minds." In Germany the man whose mind runs counter to the existing order of things is clapped into prison, and no more is heard from *him*. In England and in the United States he is permitted to say his say. We are a little like the big ranchman who let his mother beat him;—"It doesn't hurt me, and it amuses her."

AGNES REPPLIER.

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EUCKEN AGONISTES

BY HENRY MILLS ALDEN

EUCKEN'S agonism involves the two principal points of his philosophy: Personal Freedom, as the positive condition of the spiritual life; and what he calls the Negative Movement, as the permanent characteristic of that life—a movement against the world, of concentration establishing the "inner life" and, from that source, possessing and transforming the world of which it still and for ever asserts a spiritual independence.

Eucken deliberately adopts *activism* as the distinctive characteristic of his philosophy of life; and to him activism means agonism, if we may use that term to indicate a struggle which is not exactly antagonism, though as a philosopher he may be said to antagonize all other philosophies based upon human sensibility and giving prominence to introspection and mystical contemplation as features of the spiritual life. While even more sternly antagonizing the claims of a mechanical naturalistic philosophy and of intellectualism—which are far less prevailing than he supposes—he evidently regards humanistic culture as possibly more delusive and dangerous, just because of its real and deservedly appreciated values. The dilation of thought and sensibility, permeated as these are in their whole extent by individual characteristics, runs counter to that *nisus* of concentration which is the mark and seal of Personality.

Eucken is intensely jealous for this Personality—for its freedom and integrity and for its independent activity. It is something quite distinct from Individuality. The individual integration is wholly biological, establishing a center of control which, within a limited scope of external activity, has arbitrary volition (a kind of choice involving alternative), but which, in its establishment as a center of control and in the determination of its scope of action, is independent of such conscious volition and subject to the evolutionary procedure of Nature. Personality is an integration, establishing a center of control of a far different sort and by an opposite method. According to

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Eucken, it is constituted in absolute freedom—that is, independently of natural determination and of divine compulsion—as if by a supreme Choice, an all-embracing Either; Or: the constitution of a whole over against a whole. He even courts a mystical irrationalism, contrary to the main tenor of his philosophy, by making the problem of the oneness of moral freedom with dependence upon God an insoluble mystery, or, as Tennyson expresses it:

> Our wills are ours we know not how,
> Our wills are ours to make them Thine.

The only distinction which Eucken makes, or seems to care to make, between individual and personal freedom is one of scope, direction, and motive, except that the personal purpose —that of a life within, but transcending, the individual life, and yet "a life for self"—cannot be expressed in merely biological terms. This Purpose, which is God-ward, having its own initiative, absolutely underivable from the natural world or from environment, would seem, from Eucken's phraseology, to be not only conscious, but tensely self-conscious, and, though absolutely dependent upon divine reinforcement and inspiration, yet to be deliberately sought and resolutely maintained.

The biological man, like any other animal, has no such independent initiative and spontaneity, and, being inseparably linked with Nature by the chain of necessity, would repeat the same functioning in every successive generation; and the aggregation of individual units would introduce no differentiation, and at the same time unifying principle of collective progression. Society, as we understand that term, implies personality as distinct from individuality. What we call individual distinction in any other than the biological plane is referable to personality and personal freedom. It is this personality which, itself ever renewed from its divine-human central source, becomes the principle of renewal or transformation in individual and social experience—a redemptive principle in a new world, which is not a given or finished world, but one of its own making and for ever in the making.

Thus the "inner life," as conceived by Eucken, is, in its constitution and in its realization of a transcendent Reality, an agonism, and Personality is the protagonist. This inner life he identifies with religion, the main characteristics of which are heroism and devotion. It involves "a radical displacement of our life-center."

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To see how radical this displacement is we have only to compare Eucken's philosophy with any other resting on a psychological basis. Eucken seldom uses the word "soul" except in a negative sense, as when he characterizes some system as "soul-less." Hence his almost invariable substitution of "spiritual" for "psychical"—the latter term seeming to him, from the Greeks' use of it, to suggest some continuity with Nature. Indeed, Paul's "natural man" was termed by him "psychical," and to remove the "spiritual man" as far as possible from the natural bond he used for his designation the term *pneumaticos*, thus indicating precisely the "displacement" which Eucken insists upon.

Usually the religious teacher insists upon this distinction, not from a philosophical conviction, as Eucken does, but, in the interests of sanctity, to separate the sacred from the secular —not for the assertion of spiritual independence through personal freedom, which is the fundamental principle in Eucken's interpretation, but for the exaltation of divine determination in a predestined plan of salvation.

Such religious teaching during the Christian era—especially in the attempt to reconcile divine love with divine justice—has developed a system of theological dogmas for the explication of a divine drama of redemption, conceived as a transaction already completed for humanity, yet as having an ever-continuing complement in the heart of man through self-surrender and the passive appropriation of a divinely bought grace and imputed righteousness.

Eucken gives religion the primary place in human life, but postulates for it an extra-psychical center in a life within that life, which he calls the inner, or spiritual life. He seems thus to make spiritual personality supra-human, superior to what in common parlance we call the human soul. Perhaps he would not be so insistent on this division between soul and spirit if he belonged to any other country than that of Haeckel, to whom the soul is but an epiphenomenon, or by-product of the brain. In Germany more than anywhere else his heroic agonism finds the incentives which convert it to antagonism; for there he confronts, in its native home, a mechanical system of monism based on Darwinism, a determinist theory of Nature and life in its most rigid form, and, in spiritual reaction to these, a vague pantheistic romanticism—all of which he fights, showing at once the indomitable courage of a warrior and the amenities that are born of warfare.

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"Action narrows," says the serene Goethe, "and thought dilates." The activist feature of Eucken's philosophy of life has the vice as well as the virtue of contractility. It throws the philosophy out of perspective. As a thinker, in the serenity of his tower, he has the true detachment of the philosopher, with full expansion of view, seeing life as a whole from its real center in its psychical integrity to the periphery of human experience, including all its contradictions and reconcilements. He sees clearly that man's action and knowledge directed toward outward goals for the satisfaction of outward human needs and requirements cannot claim for themselves the whole of Reality, or indeed any of it, save as ennobled or inspired from a source beyond and independent of them and of the experience within their allotment, disclosing another life having the quality of eternity, such as the humanist is satisfied to call the life of the soul.

From this tower of vision we have such a message as the following—one only of many equally illuminating and significant:

> Since that which lies wholly beyond experience must for that reason be inaccessible to us, this independence must be realized *within* experience, through an element detaching itself from the stream of consciousness, and so fixing and asserting itself over against it. The power thus to transcend the time-flux of events is the distinctive mark of all spiritual activity whatsoever. Such activity implies the origination within experience of control centers subsisting and operating beyond the phenomenal flux, and unfolding marvelous extensions of the psychical horizon. We can trace this procedure most easily in the sphere of thought; whatever its mode of operation may be, the distinctive peculiarity of thought is precisely this power of self-detachment or fixation over against the flow of immediate experience. Thus the concept opposes to the presentational stream a steadfast content or definition. The judgment, again, which connects one concept with another, proclaims a connection which does not pass away with the connecting act, but perseveres unaffected by all the changes of the psychical life. Experience, self-sundered, emerges from the stream of its own changes, and reorganizes itself from a higher level. It is only through its power to establish within itself a nucleus of permanence, and so assert itself in independence of its own previous condition, that it can come to oppose a world to itself, and set itself the task of reclaiming it.

In order to avail myself of so happy a translation, I am quoting this passage indirectly, as rendered by Boyce Gibson in his

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admirable and adequate comment on *Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy of Life*, not only as a characteristic example of Eucken's dialectic, but because it presents the procedure of self-realization, as a life process, in psychical terms and as going on, through detachments and unifying reorganizations, in processes not directly associated with the religious life, yet coming within the field of psychical dynamics.

But when Eucken descends from his high tower and approaches the arena of our actual human life, as his heroic attitude so often tempts him to do, he scents the battle afar off, and the whole tenor of his expression is strangely changed, so that his phraseology as an open-air prophet often contradicts the most essential formulations of his philosophy. Always he is tensely in earnest, never allowing himself any play of fancy or humor, or even a trope; carefully guarding himself against the disguise of his meaning through poetic imagery or allurements of style, and, for the same reason, avoiding illustration; but when he is dealing with the tendencies of his own time, his tone becomes one of anxious alarm and prophetic warning.

He is forced to remain an open-air prophet. There is no tent which he can enter and speak its language. While as a professor of philosophy he is eagerly welcomed by the most cultivated audiences in any country he chooses to visit, and his books are everywhere widely read, because of his heroic enthusiasm and his high and resolute thinking, yet he is especially suspicious of the culture-camp which has crowned him. He could not fellowship with any existing religion or with any religious community on its own terms, not even, in perfect agreement, with the Unitarian, which would seem to him to be satisfied with something short of the highest religious ideal—that is, with a merely ethical culture. Yet he insists upon the need of an organized religious community, in order that our religion may be not only universal, but characteristic, having color and character on its human side. In his exposition of the religious life he does not define such human traits, nor does he indicate in any fullness a positive content of belief which should inspire and bind together a distinctively religious association. Certainly his dialectic would not serve such a purpose. His writings could not serve for Scripture readings, as Swedenborg's do, in any society of average intelligence.

He is the extreme exemplar of his philosophy, standing over against the human and the natural world, for the transformation and reclamation of these, not according to any ideal hitherto

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set forth or entertained or according to any method hitherto pursued in the course of human development. One would suppose that so singular an emergence as that of Christ and His Gospel, without precedent and unexplained by environment, would at least have profoundly impressed Eucken's imagination, as it has that of every leading spirit since the beginning of the Christian era. We cannot believe that he is not thus impressed; rather we would account for the absence of a full confession as due to the same caution that prompts to uniform evasion of scriptural phraseology, lest he should even seem to adopt some past expression of human belief as pertinent to the present moment of spiritual life. Only a principle is eternal. It is an essential feature of Eucken's agonism, this absolute repudiation of all past investments, and, along with these, of all merely human sentiment: it is beyond the touch of mortal things. Of Christianity he accepts only its redemptive principle, disembodied, or, rather, re-embodied in wholly new terms of investment. He is at the antipodes from Tolstoy, and unsympathetic with the Beatitudes—most of all, and most consistently, with that of the peacemakers.

Eucken distinctly deprecates the "softness" of the Gospel ethics. That the meek should inherit the earth would seem to him to savor of Oriental mysticism, a saying that might be attributed to such a religious teacher as Lao-tse, who indeed did say that softness is might. For that matter, it is a fundamental principle of biology that plasticity is power, that the unspecialized is most potent. Eucken is not a good biologist, nor is he a good psychologist, as he does not hesitate himself to confess. His constant insistence on the transcendence of the "inner life" would be at once good psychology and a very normal mysticism if he did not also deny it an essential human quality and remove it from the province of psychology altogether.

He will confess to idealism if it is qualified as ethico-religious, thus eliminating any purely human sentiment. He repudiates subjectivity as strongly as he magnifies Personality. He is afraid of nothing so much as of humanism. Religion must pervade, transform, and uplift all human existence, but not from a human center, in the sense that the soul is that center. In so far as Imagination, Reason and even—or, as we should say, most of all—Faith are activities of the human soul, the spiritual life must be considered as essentially beyond these. Why the human Will alone should be detached from these creative activities and elevated to such high privilege and intimacy as in free-

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dom to exercise the supreme choice which constitutes the spiritual personality—that is a mystery confessedly beyond Eucken's dialectic; but it furnishes a convenient basis for his agonistic system, in which sentiment and sensibility are overshadowed by activism.

The main feature of the system is peculiarly Teutonic. But neither this nor Eucken's intensely patriotic advocacy at the present moment of his country's cause should blind us to the fact of his earnest antagonism to recent tendencies of German life and culture. In his *Life's Basis and Life's Ideal*—as the English translation is entitled—published originally in 1906, we find this frank criticism of the German people of to-day:

> We show a want of form and taste, a heaviness and formality, a tendency to occupation with detail and, in general, with what is petty in life, and as a result of this, an uncultured Philistinism in all spheres of society, and . . . finally—and this is the worst of all—much envy and jealousy. . . . The limitations that have been brought about by our history, which on the whole has not been a happy one, constitute an important determining factor in this matter. The more problems we bear within us, the more possibilities of genuine creation that exist within us, and the more we may be to humanity in the future, the more painful is it if attentions and activity are diverted from the chief task, and if an externalizing of this idea of nationality allows us to consider ourselves great rather than lead us to strive for true greatness. The people that has produced Luther and Bach, Kant and Goethe, cannot be devoid of true greatness, if it only remains faithful to its own nature, and if it concentrates its power and treats the chief thing really as such.

HENRY MILLS ALDEN.

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THE RETURN OF THE SOUL

BY HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

"MARLEY was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about it. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail." When the burial of the "soul" occurred a few decades ago the register was signed by many more good people. Philosophers and biologists and psychologists and medical men and literary men all solemnly put their signatures to the register. It might have been difficult to decide which of them really officiated as clergyman and which as undertaker and which as chief mourner, but there is no doubt whatever about it—the soul was as dead as a door-nail.

A soul had indeed no longer any right to existence when the days of modern psychology began. The new idea was to treat mental life in the fashion of exact science and to handle the inner experiences of consciousness just as the chemist deals with the things on his laboratory table. Such a laboratory man sifts and filters until he finds the elements, and even what he calls the atoms to-day may be divided to-morrow still farther. Above all, he seeks the laws according to which those elements must move and combine. The modern students of the mental life have proudly proved that they are worthy disciples of the scientists. They have built their mental laboratories, too, and they have sifted and filtered the content of consciousness until they found the ultimate elements from which the ideas and emotions and memories and volitions are composed. They discovered the laws by which the sensations and affections and impulses combine. In short, they convinced the world with the authority of true scientists that the mind can be understood only if it is grasped in its atomistic structure and if everything is explained by exact psychological laws.

Laboratories sprung up like mushrooms after a summer rain; no dark mysteries were left; whatever happened in the mind

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became perfectly explainable, and those who played the skeptic had to give up their doubt when finally the day of the practical test came. The psychologists had not promised too much; they could show that their formulæ were right; they could apply them just as the engineers apply the formulæ of physics. In education and law, in medicine and commerce and industry, in every field of social reform, the technique of the psychologist proved of value. His calculations must accordingly be correct; the mind is a mechanism in which causes and effects can be measured and in which every function is the result of thousands of elements.

How absurd and how ignorant it appears in the face of such modern ideas to speak the word soul! Soul means unity, and now the mental life is an endlessly composite structure. Soul, above all, means freedom, and now the mental life is an internal mechanism in which every effect follows from its causes with absolute necessity. Soul means exemption from the life of the body and its processes in days and years, and now the mental life is recognized as dependent upon the cells of the brain. No content of consciousness without an action of the brain-cells: every freshman has learned it in his college course. Psychology without a soul seemed at first the battle-cry of the progressives who wanted to liberate the science of the mind from the arbitrary speculations of the philosophers and wanted to substitute true knowledge for hazy dreams. But the battle was quickly won, and psychology without a soul became a matter of course. We might more easily lead biology back to the vague speculations a hundred years before Darwin than force psychology back to the metaphysical fancies of the believers in souls.

Some opposition to the soulless psychology started from the students of abnormal mental life who have opened the dark caves of the subconscious. While the routine psychologist searches and sifts the contents of consciousness, the physicians mock him for his narrowness. They claim that there are large parts of mental life of which we are never aware in consciousness. There are memories and emotions working in us which no psychological analysis can reach. All which we perform and experience consciously is only the product, not to say the by-product, of the deeper soul in us which thinks and acts independent of our conscious will.

In our dreams our deeper soul may throw some of its bubbling ideas into consciousness. In the diseased states of the hysteric

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the conscious life becomes twisted by the subconscious emotions. In the queer cases of double personality and split consciousness the other individual in man appears in the daylight. We may tap the subconscious mind by hypnotism. We may even extract its secrets by experimental methods. The patient may have electrodes in his hands connected with a galvanometer which shows the excitement of the organism under mental influence. We speak to him about a hundred things, and suddenly the needle of the galvanometer shows violent disturbances. The patient does not feel anything, the words which he heard did not remind him of anything; and yet we can take this excitement which must go on in the subconscious mind as a starting-point for further inquiry, and slowly we discover that the words hurt a sore spot as they touched on some old, long-forgotten painful experiences in youthful days. The subconscious soul has held them and has brooded over them, while the conscious mind did not remember them. Thus the study of the conscious experiences of which the modern psychologist is so proud seems a sham success. The most important inner life may lie outside of the psychologist's hunting-ground. There may be a soul which is untouched by the mere analysis of consciousness.

The revolt which followed the discovery of the subconscious by the students of abnormal mental life is an interesting case of mass suggestion. The consistent psychologist must ask, with astonishment, why this noise and this perturbation about the hysterics and psychasthenics while every single normal man and woman and child in every hour at every task can demonstrate to us exactly the same interesting situation? Has any serious psychologist ever dreamt that he could explain everything which goes on in the mind from preceding happenings in consciousness? Fancy the simplest intercourse. You ask me where I spent my summer, and I answer with a story about the mountains and the seashore, about people and towns; and every word which I say is an action of mine which I as psychologist might try to explain from its causes. But can I really imagine that I can find those causes in the light of my consciousness?

We too easily disregard the real happenings during such trivial life affairs. We are speaking, and therefore we take it for granted that we prepared the sentences in our consciousness, that we selected the words, that we decided upon every idea. But if we stop and watch our experience we find it very different. I give my reply and am aware that I speak the words, and I hear

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the words and understand them while I am speaking them, but no mental idea acts as pacemaker in my consciousness. The words break out of the darkness. I do not know them before I actually speak them. Somehow, somewhere outside of consciousness my thoughts and my words were chosen. When the iceberg is swimming through the ocean, ten times more is below the surface than above; but when our experiences, our emotions, our thoughts, our decisions, float through our inner life, a thousand times more is below the surface than above. Billions and trillions of experiences from the first breath to the moment which is just past must linger in us and fuse and rival one another and work together to produce the decision which flashes up in our mind or the solution of a problem which suddenly presents itself. Truly we do not need the hysterics to be reminded that the causes of a mental act cannot be found simply by disentangling the threads of our consciousness.

To be sure, the sober psychologist might warn the physician against his hasty hypothesis that these causes outside of consciousness must be subconscious mental states. He would tell him that such a theory of explanation is very illogical, but he would not for a moment deny the facts which the physician finds and which he wishes to see explained. He would insist that such a theory of the subconscious cannot possibly furnish the desired explanation, and that, on the other side, a much simpler explanation is at hand which is far more in harmony with all the other experiences. He would point, for instance, to our perceptions of the outer world. At this moment a hurdy-gurdy on the street disturbs my thinking. The tunes of the waltz rush into my consciousness. What is the cause of their unwelcome intrusion? Was my upper or my lower mind producing them out of its own resources? No one would believe that either was responsible. Those tones of the "Merry Widow" do not come from my subconscious mind, but they arise because my brain-cells are excited through the mechanisms in my ear, and those get their cue from the air-waves which the strings of the hurdy-gurdy stirred up. The music is in my consciousness because certain centers in my brain are made to act by preceding physical causes.

But if the brain action is responsible for all our hearing and seeing, it seems only natural to seek also in brain action the causes for our memory images. From this starting-point the psychologists have developed their modern theories, which assert that all the conscious states are accompaniments of brain

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processes and that all the connecting acts which lie outside of consciousness are processes in the millionfold paths of the central nervous system. The rôle which the physician hastily ascribes to the subconscious is more consistently played by the brain. The subconscious itself is, of course, not accessible to any one; it cannot be anything but a hypothesis proposed to explain certain conscious facts. If it can be shown that these same facts can be explained better by another agency which we really know—namely, the brain—it is untenable to prefer the obscure hypothesis of a subconscious soul. Its only advantage would be that, as it can never become the object of real experience, we should not feel hampered in ascribing to that great unknown anything which is convenient.

One thing above all: whether we accept the explanation of mental life through the subconscious or reject it, in any case the subconscious mind as the physician or the psychologist understands it would necessarily have the character of an extremely complex mechanism. It would be composed of just as many elements as the brain, it would be just as atomistic as our surface mind, and it would be just as much controlled by rigid laws; in short, it would certainly not be a soul. The struggle about the subconscious which appeared to many an onslaught on the soulless psychology has brought the world not a step nearer to the realm of souls. Even if we prefer the subconscious for our explanations, we remain completely in that psychological world in which everything results from foregoing causes and must be explained from elementary processes. There is no freedom and no unity, and only in the valley of complete confusion some have provided such a hysteric subconscious mind with an attachment for wireless telephony to the absolute. The psychologist who is trying to explain must be loyal to his task. He cannot beguile himself with the luxury of a soul which seems to explain everything and explains nothing.

But may there not be a fundamental error at the bottom of this whole discussion? It seems as if there were only two alternatives open. We understand mental life by explaining it with the help of a soul, or we understand it by explaining it without a soul. But is there not an entirely different, third possibility—namely, that we understand inner life without trying to explain it? Is it not possible that human experience allows an entirely different approach? The world of the stars cannot be understood otherwise than by explaining every movement through laws from the foregoing causes. If we

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should try to grasp the reality of the stars by seeking emotions in their twinkling or by linking them with human fate, we should have left the path of knowledge and should be speaking the inspired language of the poet and mystic or the uninspired but lucrative language of the astrologer. But if we deal with inner life it is not poetic nor mystic nor lucrative if we leave mere causal explanation and turn to an entirely different pathway: it leads to the problem of meaning.

Surely, if there is anything an actual fact in our mental experience it is that it has meaning for us who live through it and for those with whom we are in contact. To have a meaning and purpose and inner reference and aim is the most fundamental reality of our inner world. We do not propose it by a fancy of our imagination, but it is the rockbed of our inner life. Every idea and volition and emotion means something and points to some purpose, and if we leave this out we omit just the concrete fact. We may be doubtful whether our mental life has causes, but we cannot possibly doubt that it has a meaning. Even if we were doubtful about it, this doubt of ours would be such an act with meaning and purpose.

Yet, however astonishing it may appear, this meaning aspect was indeed left out by the modern student of inner life. He was hypnotized by the one aim, to describe mental life and to explain it—that is, to treat it as if it were simply a content of consciousness which is found, as the fish are found in a pond. But the psychologist ignored the most significant fact concerning the perceptions and feelings and volitions, that which cannot be described and explained, but which must be interpreted and referred to a purpose.

There is no scholarly research necessary to dig up this wisdom. If two men meet on the street and one says, "Fine weather to-day," and the other answers, "I think it will rain, after all," perhaps neither thinks of the fact that he has contents of consciousness, but both know exactly that they express a meaning. If we are really to give an exact and true account of our inner states we must surely develop the science of these meaning experiences, must interpret them, must show how one refers to another and how they are bound up with purposes and how one man understands the meaning of another.

This much-neglected meaning aspect of our self is not only real and important, but it is much more important than the explanatory aspect, because it is the only real one. The other, with which traditional psychology is satisfied, is by no means

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real; it is artificial. It is a scientific construction which is far from our immediate life experience. It has value only as long as we stick to our purpose of getting an explanation of inner life. Yet this very purpose is foreign to the naïve mind. If we make ourselves understood, we take inner life only as a meaning and not as a cause and an effect. The enthusiasm for the study of the causes and laws in mental life was so overwhelming, and the joy in this new science of the mind after the pattern of the natural sciences was so intense, that the true inner life with its meaning and purpose became entirely neglected.

But the reaction had to come; and, suddenly, it is noticeable in many quarters. Through all kinds of side doors and back doors some elements of meaning are admitted into the description and explanation. The first result is often a rather confusing mixture. But signs are plentiful that this stage is only one of transition. The meaning of inner life will soon be admitted through the wide-open front door of the temple of science. Then we shall have two independent systems of psychology—a causal and a purposive one. In the one, the causal part, the psychologist studies mental life in that artificial setting in which it appears as a chain of causes and effects; and in the other, the purposive part, he studies it in that natural setting of real life in which every pulse-beat of experience is understood in its meaning and in its inner relations. Both are perfectly justified as long as they are not carelessly mixed and as long as neither is pushed forward as complete. In practical life the two views are intertwined. Thus our neighbor is first of all the personal self whom we try to understand by grasping the meaning of his ideas and intentions, but he may at any moment become to us a mere object of observation which we try to explain.

As soon as this purposive psychology is acknowledged as a full-fledged science we cannot go very far without discovering that it leads us straight to the old idea of the soul. We understand the meaning of a thought or memory or will act by linking it with the aim toward which it points, and this inner forward movement is understood as the act of a self. What do we know of this self? One thing above all—it is perfectly free. We saw that in this whole world of meaning everything is completely understood as soon as every act is linked with its purpose, hence we have no right at all to ask for causes. It has no subconscious causes, and it has no brain causes. The mere inquiry after its causes would falsify its status. It has

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not causes any more than it has weight or color. Its whole reality lies in its purposiveness, and this detachment from any possible cause, this completeness in itself, is the fundamental freedom of the self which stamps it as a soul.

Moreover, for the causal psychologist, whether he be of the subconscious or of the physiological temper, mental life is a multitude of elements. The parts of the mind are externally linked, but they remain separate mental atoms. In the world with which the purposive psychologist is concerned one act is internally bound up with another, one idea means another, one thought refers to another, and every single act points backward to the self which expresses its meaning in its purposive deeds. This is a self which is not a mere pile of psychical doings, but which really asserts itself as the same in every new act. Everything which springs from it is involved in its selfhood. This is the true unity of the self which knows itself as the same in every function.

This soul, finally, cannot be dependent upon the beginning and the end, upon the days and the hours of the physical body. It expresses itself through the body, and the sense organs determine the selection of objects toward which it takes its attitudes, but the soul is neither in the time nor in the space of the physical molecules. If we curiously ask, "How can we describe the soul?" we must learn to recognize the absurdity of the very question. Every description refers to an object, but the essential meaning of the soul is that it is never an object, but always a subject, always a self, always an action. We cannot describe and we cannot explain it, not because our purposive psychology is still unfit for this task, but because the task itself would be meaningless. A soul must be understood in its unfolding and in the inner relation of its acts. We are still at the beginning of the soul psychology, but no doubt the soul has returned, and soon it will appear one of the most curious episodes of human civilization that it was possible for half a century to take a descriptive and explanatory account of mental life as the only real rendering of inner experience. The stubborn, one-sided, causal psychology which does not admit a soul psychology at its side will be "dead as a door-nail."

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG.

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LATIN-AMERICAN TRADE POSSIBILITIES

BY C. T. REVERE

OWING to hasty interpretation of the economic results of the war in Europe, two misconceptions have arisen regarding the effect on our oversea commerce. The first conclusion, rather short-lived, held to the view that the military embroilment of the Old World spelled commercial opportunity for America. This was quickly dissipated by the realization that reduced competition in neutral markets could not atone for the loss of our best customer.

The second fallacy—a fallacy, however, chiefly of mistaken attitude and prematurity of judgment—relates to Latin-American trade. In most discussions of the extension of our commerce the newly aroused manufacturer, the progressive editor, the patriotic layman, spoke in terms of Latin-American trade. It mattered not that Europe in normal years buys sixty per cent. of all we have to sell; that Latin America at best takes only twelve per cent.; that Canada, whom we hardly think of as a foreign customer, buys more than South America and Central America combined.

In a sense the popular imagination of the United States rediscovered Latin America. The exploits of Pizarro, Cortés, and Balboa were to be given industrial reproduction by the commercial *conquistadores* of the Northern Republic. The well-meant publicity, which concerned itself chiefly with the rewards, failed to point out the pitfalls, and some of the results of the hysteria have been unfortunate. Small independent manufacturers rushed investigators down to Brazil, Argentina, and other countries "to look over the situation," to be rewarded only with shivers over physical contact with the actual horrors of moratoria.

Apparently it was not generally appreciated that trade with

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Latin America was already "established." Probably it is not a matter of general information that we now have in the cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans alone more than two hundred firms which do a prosperous business in the export and import trade with our sister Republics. Some of these business houses operate their own steamship lines, conduct their own banks, and maintain scores of branch offices in Central and South America.

It is only fair to state, however, that Latin-America also rediscovered us. The European war revived the brotherhood of the Western Hemisphere. Overtures for commercial interchange and appeals for capital quickly followed the outbreak of hostilities. Samples of articles of European manufacture were sent to this country, asking if they could be duplicated, oblivious of the fact that these same articles were in the stock of the great American mercantile houses operating in the same or adjacent territory.

Notwithstanding obstacles, disappointments, and counsels of caution, the tendency to put an apparently disproportionate value on Latin-American trade persists. In vain do experts point out the desirability of adhering to the beaten path in older fields instead of undertaking the hardships of pioneer work in less-developed territory.

Notwithstanding the disposition of trade authorities to criticize our choice, it is possible that the sixth sense of the American business instinct once more is asserting itself. The tendency, while perhaps based largely on intuition rather than knowledge, is evidently born of the belief that the time is coming when our raw materials and foodstuffs which now form such a large proportion of our exports to Europe will be needed at home. As a result we should vastly increase our imports of raw materials, and in exchange for these products we should have to ship out proportionately larger quantities of manufactured goods. The competitive markets of Europe afford meager opportunities and small profits for finished products, except in the case of patented articles or goods possessing some distinctively American feature.

With the shifting of our activities from the agricultural to the industrial field it requires no gift of prophecy to predict that the time is not far distant, as history is calculated, when the changing character of our commerce will call for a corresponding change in the character of our markets. We are large consumers of Brazil's coffee, rubber, and forest products. We

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import meat, hides, and some grain from Argentina. We use fifty per cent. of the forty thousand tons of tin produced by Bolivia. We take sixty per cent. of the cocoa produced by Ecuador, although we obtain one-third of it *via* Germany. The nitrates of Chile are largely employed to repair the ravages of our soil inflicted through the carelessness of the American farmer.

It is fast becoming a tenet of the business gospel of this country that our exports of steel products, oil products, locomotives, farm implements, and typewriters must be followed by an increasing outgo of cotton goods and similar manufactures. With the resources of the Southern Continent energized by American capital and American business talents, it is believed that the market for our industrial output will be doubled or even trebled in a decade or so.

This, however, is largely the vision of American commerce. Caution is counseled for the present, not that we may neglect current opportunities, but that we may approach them with full recognition of difficulties and responsibilities. At present we are concerned not so much with dreams and prospects as with conditions that cannot be ignored. It is admitted that this country and the Republics of Latin America, by reason of existing industrial and commercial conditions, occupy positions that are essentially reciprocal. There is an opportunity for a very large and profitable trade if proper means are employed. The commercial prizes will come to us, however, not as the result of a "campaign," but by patient and persistent effort. Sacrifice and system will be important elements in such growth.

Just now it should be borne in mind that Latin America has been prostrated by the war in Europe. The purchasing power of those countries is represented largely by the value of exported products. A large share of the prosperity which has been enjoyed has resulted from benevolent financial despotism in the form of British and German loans. European investment in South America, while creating a market for European manufacturers, also has made possible increased purchases from the United States. European banking, which has handled Europe's trade in the Southern Hemisphere, also has furnished the chief provisions for our own commerce with those countries.

As a result of the war Latin America has been confronted with the curtailment of markets for exportable products, due partly to decreased purchasing power or the inaccessibility of belligerent nations. There has been a sharp diminution of purchasing power through the cessation of European investment,

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thus suspending enormous industrial and agricultural enterprises. In addition to this there has been paralysis of commercial machinery, owing to the dislocation of London exchange, which is the universal currency for the oversea trade of Latin America. Moratoria have been declared, making impracticable or highly expensive either payments or collections in London bills of exchange. Exports of copper, tin, nitrates, coffee, and other products have been reduced because of the loss of normal European markets. The financial upset has extended to American exporters, as it has delayed the collection of bills on account of the extension of the moratoria.

This, however, represents only immediate conditions. In order to gain an idea of the commercial situation in South America proper, attention is called to the following table, giving imports and exports of South American countries from and to England, Germany, and the United States for the years specified. This report was compiled by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce from the official reports of the respective countries:

		England		Germany		United States	
Country	Year	Imports	Exports	Imports	Exports	Imports	Exports
Argentina.	1913	$126,305,556	$116,154,937	$68,815,721	$55,888,788	$59,861,703	$22,096,385
Brazil.....	1912	77,509,079	43,006,473	52,945,352	51,856,965	48,043,322	141,720,216
Chile.....	1912	38,599,282	55,340,706	33,189,070	28,321,776	16,806,341	24,526,811
Peru.....	1913	7,779,616	16,561,235	5,138,902	2,970,857	8,541,934	14,761,355
Ecuador..	1911	2,835,854	986,148	2,385,758	2,139,552	2,591,629	3,190,069
Uruguay..	1912	[1] 12,575,508	6,508,127	[1] 7,849,094	7,860,272	[1] 5,638,402	2,655,371
Paraguay..	1912	[2] 1,295,248	[3] 799	[2] 1,500,958	[2] 843,459	[2] 304,888	[2] 590
Colombia..	1912	[2] 7,838,878	[2] 4,376,182	[2] 4,201,125	[2] 1,854,211	[2] 7,612,037	[2] 15,832,882
Venezuela.	1913	3,994,733	767,031	2,586,986	5,563,768	6,944,136	8,470,563
Bolivia....	1912	3,528,042	26,044,974	6,423,802	4,357,101	1,787,321	152,583

[1] Figures are for 1911 and are taken from the *Almanach de Gotha.*
[2] Figures taken from U. S. Daily Consular and Trade Reports.
[3] Figures are for 1911 and are taken from Pan-American Union publication.

These figures show that exports from Great Britain and Germany are considerably in excess of imports, while the balance of trade runs strongly against the United States. The balance in favor of Europe, however, may be explained by the investment policies of Great Britain and Germany and the fact that proceeds of loans to the less-developed countries are frequently remitted, not in cash, but in exports of industrial equipment or other manufactures. Our own trade with Latin America—this applies to the South rather than the Central American States—is concentrated. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent. of our principal exports to South America represents the products of large organizations. To Argentina we send chiefly agricultural machinery and allied products, steel products, oil products, and printing-paper. Our shipments to Brazil, Chile,

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and Peru consist largely of steel and oil products, locomotives, and electrical machinery. Along the lines of general manufactures, such as textiles, shoes, hosiery, wearing apparel, and miscellaneous goods, we have not played an important part, because of our failure to meet British and German competition.

Furthermore, our failure to meet this competition has not been so much a matter of price as a failure to adjust ourselves to existing social, commercial, and financial requirements. We have fallen short largely in respect to attitude. Our disinclination to grant credits of the customary duration might be excused, but our shortcomings in respect to social usages have furnished the basis for international resentment, which has been ingeniously nourished by our competitors.

Notwithstanding our national fondness for innovation, the soundest opinion favors the view that any plans for the extension of our commerce with Latin America, and particularly South-American countries, should follow the lines of seasoned business experience. British trade is strongly intrenched by nearly a century of painstaking effort. The earliest definite steps to establish close relations were taken during the Napoleonic wars when the great Corsican tried to lay his continental embargo on English importations, thus diverting British commerce into new fields. With the revolutions of the Spanish colonies in the first quarter of the nineteenth century additional impetus was given to these new affiliations. These have been carefully fostered by that trade skill in which, until the advent of aggressive German competition, Great Britain has known no peer.

Starting with the formation of the London and River Plate Bank in 1862, came the establishment of direct banking relations until eight great financial organizations with a subscribed capital of $106,000,000, with branches or agencies in every important center of the Continent, cement the union between British and South American trade and testify to the pre-eminence of the pound sterling as the measure of value. Through the medium of these banks London has controlled the exchange-market and levied commissions on the trade of all nations. Millions of bags of coffee imported into the United States annually pay a toll of five to six cents per bag in commissions on drafts. Collection fees and interest on loans have added further to the profits of British shareholders.

The loss to American commerce, however, does not lie so much in the toll paid to British banks in exchange transactions

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as in the diversion of trade to competitive channels, with the logical result that our imports, instead of laying a basis for purchases from this country, tend merely to facilitate the payment of old European obligations and stimulate increased trade with Great Britain. With the present banking connections the more products we buy from Latin America the more goods will Latin America buy from England and the greater will be our adverse trade balance with Latin America. The following table of trade distribution giving the figures for 1913 and 1914 supplies an excellent illustration of this point.

	Exports	
	1913	1914
Central America, West-Indian Republics and Mexico	$177,627,892	$157,530,244
South America	146,147,993	124,539,909
	$323,775,885	$282,070,153

	Imports	
	1913	1914
Central America, West-Indian Republics and Mexico	$224,685,344	$246,405,592
South America	217,734,629	222,677,075
	$442,419,973	$469,082,667

Trade Balance Adverse to United States

	1913	1914
In trade with Central America, West-Indian Republics and Mexico	$47,057,452	$88,875,348
In trade with South America	71,586,636	98,137,166
In trade with all Latin America	$118,644,088	$187,012,514

The above figures do not provide a coincidence or a paradox. They merely show the inevitable workings of a system which leaves the mechanism of credit and banking in the hands of competitors.

In one of the bulletins issued by the Department of Commerce appears the description of a striking instance of the burden imposed by our reliance on foreign steamship connections and banking facilities. About three ships a month are required to carry to New Orleans the two million bags of coffee

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consigned to coffee-roasters in the southern and western parts of the United States. If we had a well-balanced trade, these ships would be available for return cargoes of such products as this country sells to Brazil. Nothing of the sort happens. After discharging their coffee these ships are loaded with cotton and other raw material needed by European manufacturers. Upon arrival at their destination they replace their cargoes of American raw materials with manufactures which are sent away to Brazil.

The financial transactions follow the triangular route taken by the ships. Owing to the lack of American banking facilities in South America, the coffee importer buys a letter of credit on London with which to satisfy the ninety-day sight draft drawn on him by the Brazilian coffee exporter. In this way he transfers from New Orleans to London the obligation created by the purchase of the coffee. If this obligation could be liquidated through American banking channels direct with Brazil, it would exercise a certain "pulling" power in behalf of return sales to South America, and would tend to the reduction of the adverse trade balance.

London, of course, does not ship gold to Brazil. It discharges the obligation in British manufactures or credits it against the returns on investments in Brazil. In any event the process succeeds in alienating from the United States the market outlet that should be created by our heavy purchases. Rio—New Orleans—London, or if you will, Rio—New York—London! In either case the triangle operates effectively to siphon gold from this country, and by this method the more we buy the more we add to the selling power of our competitors.

No illustration could emphasize more strongly the necessity for direct banking relations with Latin America or give more forcible indorsement to the step taken by the National City Bank of New York with this purpose in view.

In addition to the establishment of direct banking relations with the advantage furnished by superior credit information a tremendous leverage is exerted by investments. The *South American Journal*, published in London, is authority for the statement that British investments in Latin America at the end of 1913 reached a total of $5,008,673,000. The estimated annual return of $250,000,000 tells only the minor part of the story. This vast sum has entailed the reaping of stupendous profits in the sale of materials according to agreements stipulated at the various times these loans or investments were made.

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In addition to the investment return, British industry and commerce have been so strongly fortified that they can afford to view complacently any fortuitous effort to dislodge them.

The German invasion of the Latin-American trade field began about 1870. The methods were characteristic of Teutonic patience and vigor, and were ideally suited to competition with an established rival. Direct banking relations were established, not as in the case of Great Britain, to meet the demands of trade, but as a stimulus to trade. At the outset German commerce was dependent on the banking facilities of other nations, particularly those of England. German economists at once saw the fallacy of this position, and in spite of the debtor position of their country and notwithstanding the fact that their commerce was insignificant in comparison with the trade which the United States now possesses, no time was lost in correcting the situation.

As a result of this movement four large German banks exercise an influence in Latin America second only to those of England. In proportion to their number their influence is even more pronounced, owing to the aggressive tactics of their branch establishments. They have been noted for extraordinary liberality in the extension of credits, and in fact their policy has been criticized as being responsible for financial reactions in some of the republics where they have operated aggressively.

While their investments do not approach the impressive total presented by Great Britain, the Germans have used this asset efficiently and have been even more active than their English competitors in identifying themselves with the commercial life of the communities with which they have cast their lot. They have been alert in internal development, and their extensive work in the hydro-electric field has been the means of introducing a vast amount of electrical equipment into South America.

The emphasis herein laid on British and German trade methods in Latin America has a twofold purpose — first, to point out striking examples of successful precedents; second, to give some hint of the responsibilities involved by the extension of our operations in that territory. As a result of the war Latin America is facing urgent problems of a financial character. The Southern Republics are confronted with the necessity of marketing their products notwithstanding the shrinkage of the world's purchasing power. Funds must be obtained for the conduct of enterprises normally dependent on European financing.

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With an adverse trade balance of approximately $187,000,000 it would seem that the United States should be in a position to offer assistance. With the present credit machinery this is impossible. The operation of a gold pool to reduce exchange rates would result finally in the diversion of our selling power to Great Britain and a restoration of the old order.

Cohesive action by the firms engaged in the export and import trade furnishes the most practical basis for a solution of the existing problems. With the co-operation of powerful banking interests it might be possible to liquidate obligations through the matching of credits. Such unity of action, while suggested as a means of temporary relief, would lay the groundwork for permanently improved methods. Reciprocal balances and credit machinery are the chief essentials of exchange relations. This machinery has not been available prior to the passage of the Federal Reserve Act permitting American banks to maintain branches abroad, and, with the exception of certain assistance afforded by the National City Bank, has not been a factor in the existing crisis.

The most feasible suggestions for meeting the present emergency and furnishing permanent relief are contained in the recommendations by the Latin-American Committee of the National Foreign Trade Council. These were made in response to a request made by a recent conference in Washington between the representatives of Central and South American countries and some of the leading industrial and commercial organizations of the United States. These recommendations were as follows:

1. *The establishment of a dollar exchange.*
   - (*a*) By the ultimate creation of a discount market.
   - (*b*) Pending the establishment of a discount market, by the extension of adequate accommodation by banking institutions, and the establishment of reciprocal balances in the United States and in Latin America for financing Latin-American trade.

2. *Perfection of our selling machinery.*
   - (*a*) By furnishing additional support to commission houses already familiar with Latin-American business.
   - (*b*) By forming associations of merchants and manufacturers to be jointly represented in Latin-America.
   - (*c*) By obtaining information as to the possibilities of developing retail stores in large Latin-American cities.

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With the establishment of direct banking relations and credit machinery the extension of our investments in Latin America should be a logical development. Intimate knowledge of individual enterprises is no more essential than in the case of the British investor. At any rate, the investigation by American banks offering such securities would be a determining influence, just as it is at present in the case of domestic flotations. The time perhaps is not far distant when the line will not be sharply drawn between foreign and domestic securities, for foreign investments may be regarded as domestic investments if they exercise a stimulating effect upon this country's commercial and industrial welfare.

The philosophy of oversea commerce is essentially one with domestic commerce. If an American community is prosperous, business is good. The same principle applies to Latin America. The volume of purchases depends on buying power, and in the Republics which lie to the south their buying power is dependent largely upon the development and utilization of their almost boundless resources.

Hitherto European capital and European organization have measured and directed the progress of Latin America. These funds and this energy have been withdrawn, perhaps for years to come. If the manufacturers, the merchants, and the investors of the United States are able and willing to meet the demands of the present crisis, the experience gained in this emergency may lay the basis for permanent and vastly increased trade relations. The opportunities are well-nigh infinite, but the responsibilities are sobering.

C. T. Revere.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

SIGNIFICANT HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH

Memories of a Vanished Wonderland.—Some Fresh Discussions of an Old Theme.—Dr. Muck and the Standpatters.—The Youthful Korngold and His New Symphony

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

To the normally parlous occupation of theatrical reviewing has been added, in these difficult and treacherous times, an element of exceptional piquancy. It is highly probable that the play which you have liked enough to want to speak about will have vanished into the region of abandoned hopes by the time your comments are in print. As we write, one of the loveliest things that has graced the stage in years has gone the way of other ill-fated undertakings of these tragic months. The spectacle which Mr. Edward Sheldon, setting his feet in new dramatic paths, contrived out of Hans Andersen's classic romance of the Little Mermaid and her human lover, and which Mr. Joseph Urban's decorative genius helped to put upon the stage of the Park Theater as a visualized fairy-tale of unexcelled pictorial charm—this "Garden of Paradise," where indeed Beauty, if not Happiness, reigned with infinite graciousness, has vanished overnight, like the enchanted and gorgeous dream it was. We may not see again the lovelorn and romantic King of the Blue Mountains and those two whose destinies were tangled with his own—the devoted and noble Swanhild, and the adorable young Queen of the Southland, with her goldfish and her pet kitten and her little black page Eglamour. Nor shall we behold the terrible Sea Witch in her cave in the green depths; nor the Emperor of the Crabs, nor the Prince of the Jellyfish. And how admirable were the players who made these personages live for us!—Miss Emily Stevens, so gentle, so wistful, so simply pathetic, as Swanhild; Miss Renee Kelly, so enamoring in her youth and her gay sweetness. Above

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all, we have only our memories to enable us to see again those miracles of illusive loveliness, those glimpses of an authentic fairyland, that Mr. Urban, by his magical manipulation of paint and canvas and electricity, of color and line and texture, evoked for our ravished eyes: those green and liquid and mysterious regions under the sea; that apple-blossomed shrine on the shore by the convent; and that unforgettable tableau of the bridal feast in the queen's garden, with its gleaming flower-hung walls and terrace, the gorgeous riot of the banquet-board and its happy guests, bathed in a mellow golden radiance against the background of a turquoise sky.

But all these things are no more to be seen—the stage of the Park Theater no longer knows the sinister incantations of the Sea Witch, the frolics of the seafolk, the sighs and raptures of Swanhild and her King, the wondrous visions of Mr. Urban's dreaming. It is a pity. But at least Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Urban and the others have given us something to remember—better yet, something to dream of.

Mr. Willard Mack, whose ingenious melodrama, "Kick In," is thrilling audiences at the Lyric, has given us a second play in his "So Much for So Much," now at the Longacre, that may possibly rival his other productions in popularity—although we hasten to add that both of these "attractions" (to use the generic term of the showman) may have passed into outer darkness by the time our observations fall under the reader's eye. That would be a regrettable event—especially in the case of "So Much for So Much," because Mr. Mack has produced in this diverting comedy a play of very considerable freshness and vitality. He chose to handicap himself at the start by selecting as his theme that stalest, most jejune of subjects, the pursuit of the virgin stenographer by that traditional monster of venery, her employer—for in the philosophy of the lesser playwright, all pulchritudinous female employees are in a continual state of siege by the incorrigible satyrs who control their commercial destinies. Mr. Mack, however, puts us in his debt by causing the particular pursuit with which he deals to occur, for the most part, off stage. We know of it chiefly through Mary Brennan's description of the perfidious Steadman's beleaguerment—the method of which, as Mary's sweetheart, Tom, would say, is certainly "very slick." Nor is Mary playing the game with her eyes shut. She knows men, and she knows employers—knows them for the miscreants they invariably are.

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Also she has her own philosophy of the subject. She is quite willing to accept certain favors from the wretch—as motor rides and champagne suppers (from one of which she returns home at 1:40 A.M. plainly—in the language of the older morality—"under the influence of liquor"); she even permits the deluded ogre to pay for her sister's operation. And she gives certain returns—"so much for so much," as she says. So much, but not *too* much. "Oh no!" exclaims her mother in horror, seeking to quiet the fears of the apprehensive Tom—"oh, no! Not *that*—not our Mary!" But, as we are clearly shown, Mary is playing a losing game, as Tom repeatedly told her she was. The ogre finally demands settlement in full; and Mary, confronted with the necessity of rendering "*that*," revolts in horror from the monster unveiled, and turns at last to the devoted and rescuing Tom, who, being merely a poor but virtuous newspaper reporter, can offer her only what she herself had previously derided, with the contempt engendered by an easy familiarity with limousines and champagne, as "love in a cottage." Incidentally, Tom threatens to expose the iniquities of the ogre—who is, to tell the truth, rather an unpleasant person, a middle-aged voluptuary who shams rheumatism to inveigle unsuspecting stenographers to his home, keeps a revolver in his drawer for use in repelling would-be rescuers of imperilled virginity, and has a satyriacal eye for the neighbor's French maid. So, in the end, we are convinced by Mr. Mack that all employers are quite as bad as they are painted, and that none but females of advanced years and insuperable plainness are safe in business offices.

This deplorable conclusion is borne in upon us by Mr. Mack's third act, in which the villainous Steadman reveals the blackness of his heart and the wickedness of his intentions; and here Mr. Mack is disappointing in his dependence upon conventional deviltry and conventional heroics, culminating in the rescue of the too-trusting Andromeda by her journalistic Perseus. It is in his first two acts that Mr. Mack is successful and likable. There he shows us, in passages full of shrewd observation, pungent humor, and illuminating characterization, the life that is lived by Mary, her fond and genial mother, her petulant little sister, in the proletarian flat of the Brennans. And the play is uncommonly well acted—especially and most memorably by Miss Marjorie Rambeau, whose performance as the imperilled stenographer is an unqualified triumph. She makes you believe in Mary from the start, so quietly eloquent, so

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persuasive, is her impersonation. For her sake, and for the sake of the playwright's admirable two acts, we are almost ready to forgive Mr. Mack for his brutal ruthlessness in forcing upon us his disillusionizing conclusion respecting the infamy of employers and the precariousness of being both feminine and well-favored in that haunt of menacing turpitude, the modern business office.

In Mr. Hubert Henry Davies's play "Outcast"—which, as we write, seems to have established itself at the Lyceum—one is again presented with a reworking of old theatrical material. The subject, in at least one of its aspects, is as old as "Camille"—that of the harlot transformed by love and then confronted with the prospect of losing all that love has meant to her. But Mr. Davies's play is more than this: it is a study, and a very honest, sincere, and sober study, of the mutual responsibilities engendered by the relations between a man and his mistress. It is immensely to his credit that Mr. Davies sheds no maudlin tears over the case which he exhibits to us. His treatment of the situation is admirably free from extravagance and insincerity—he has achieved the quite staggering feat of dealing simply and reticently with a subject that at every turn offers tempting opportunities to the sentimentalist. This is the noteworthy, the outstanding virtue of his absorbing play—therein lies its chief excellence. It would be excessively generous to say that it is at all points persuasive and credible. Mr. Davies's fourth act does not quite carry one away. The machinery moves creakingly, imperfectly there—that passage between Geoffrey and the girl who had jilted him for a title leaves us cold. It is lifelessly written, and it is acted in such a lukewarm way by Mr. Cherry and Miss Leslie that the scene—a most crucial one—goes for almost nothing. But the chief distinction of the piece as it is done at the Lyceum is the exquisite performance of Miss Elsie Ferguson as Miriam. A more expert and eloquent piece of acting, a more moving impersonation, it would be hard to discover upon the contemporary American stage.

Was it Lamb or Hazlitt who said that when a new book appeared he read an old one instead? It is a bigoted and a reactionary attitude, an indefensible attitude, whoever expressed it—the attitude of those æsthetic stand-patters, those "haters of the new," of whom we spoke last month in this place, and

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who are ever active, intolerant, and energetically vocal in their objection to any artistic manifestation which displays a novel aspect and nonconformist tendencies. The excellent conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, is at present a victim of this sort of opposition because he was sufficiently progressive and generous to present to the patrons of his New York concerts last month a number of unfamiliar modern scores, two of them remarkable expressions of contemporary tendencies in creative music.

Now it is beyond dispute that Dr. Muck is not an impeccable programme-maker, and he is, indeed, sometimes rather inexorable in his provision of offerings. He is prone to arrange a programme made up exclusively of the earlier classicists, or exclusively of the more flagrant of the modernists. He should not, for example, have asked our squeamish New York musical public to listen to the forbidding austerities of Sibelius's A-minor symphony, the intricate and exacting rhetoric of Reznicek's symphonic biography, "Schlemihl," and Scheinpflug's highly spiced "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare" all in one evening, without the relief that would have been afforded to the ears and souls of the æsthetically timorous by the addition of a little Haydn, Mozart, or Brahms. It would seem to follow from the foregoing remarks that we regard these compositions of Sibelius, Reznicek, and Scheinpflug as works of value and importance. We do not. We regard the symphony of Sibelius as a sigularly arid and sterile piece of music, save for a few moments of seemingly fortuitous impressiveness; we have no love for the sedulously Strauss-like history of Schlemihl's life which Reznicek offers us—though we were touched by the deep emotion and noble beauty of the passage which gives brief utterance to the "Wanderers Nachtlied" of Goethe; and the Shakespearean music of Scheinpflug seemed to us rather trivial in style and invention. Yet we feel no animus toward Dr. Muck for his presentation of these works; we even dare to be grateful to him. And we beg to assure him that there are a few lovers of music in the artistic capital of this country who will always listen eagerly to any manifestations of creative activity in the ever-evolving art of music which he may see fit to offer for our inspection, even if they prove to be something less than masterpieces.

It is a wonder that Mr. Stransky, the energetic and enterprising conductor of the Philharmonic Society, did not suffer

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like condemnation with Dr. Muck; for he saw fit to play for us, only a week after the objurgated venture of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the exploitation of musical modernism, an orchestral work of forward-looking tendencies and imposing scope by the youthful Viennese, Eric Wolfgang Korngold. Probably it was because the presumably bitter draught was sweetened by a merciful infusion of Wagnerian nectar that the ordeal was endured with comparative docility.

Young Mr. Korngold, who is only seventeen, is regarded with considerable awe and much amazement because he presents the supposedly anomalous spectacle of a youngster speaking the complex and sophisticated idiom of Richard Strauss. It is assumed that the natural, the normal thing, would be for him to employ the simple and naïve idiom of Mozart or Haydn—which is manifestly absurd. The youthful Mozart spoke in the habit of his day; the youthful Korngold speaks, naturally and expectedly, in the habit of his. There is nothing in the least abnormal or monstrous in the phenomenon. Nor do we find it extraordinary or reprehensible that Korngold chooses to employ in this "Sinfonietta" of his a large and elaborate orchestra—comprising a celesta, bells, a piano, two harps, and so forth. It is quite beside the point to say that Mozart and Beethoven were content with smaller and simpler orchestras. They had to be—they had no others. If Mozart could have obtained such effects as young Mr. Korngold gets from his use of the celesta, or—not to come so far forward—such effects as Wagner obtained from his use of a choir of tubas, is it to be supposed that he would not have done so? The only question that is germane here is: What—given his rich and intricate expressional resources—does this young music-maker do with them? He does much. He handles them with fine freedom, ease, and security, with breadth and *élan*—there is an inspiriting energy and gusto in his writing, a hint of mastery that is full of promise. It is less agreeable to note that this able and confident lad has yielded overmuch to the hypnotic power of the mighty Strauss, and to the sensuous allurements of Puccini. But at seventeen much may be forgiven a composer who can write as well as this accomplished Austrian, who tosses off a forty-five-minute symphony with the aplomb and address of a seasoned craftsman. In twenty years he will have forgotten Strauss and Puccini; and we think he will then be well worth hearing for his own sake.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

THE conservative attitude of Professor Sloane shows itself very early in the present volume in such *obiter dicta* as:

> If there be anything sure in the examples of history it is that the broader the democracy, the more certain sooner or later will be its centralization under a one-man power, legal or illegal.

To which is appended a footnote bidding us mark the encroachments of the Executive during the last ten years. Yet he is by no means a member of the frightened minority to whom political or social change means the beginning of dissolution. On this same subject of the Presidency, for example, we find him, later on, remarking that:

> There was no golden age in American history as we have seen; the Presidency of to-day as molded by party government is inherently a finer office than at the outset, because it is strong and directly responsible to a nation, to a party, and to a social condition hitherto non-existent.

By a process which he considers "beneficent," there has been since the formation of our Government a continuous confusion of powers which were intended by the framers of the Constitution to be kept separate, and almost every organ of Federal government has been changed in a manner that was not foreseen. This is especially true of the Presidency. Nor is the influence of the Presidents on public policy a new thing in our history.

Even Presidents of little renown realized important ideals. Van Buren forced the independent-treasury system; Tyler, a definite financial and tariff policy, as well as the annexation of Texas; Polk, the Mexican War; while Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan compelled the compromises of the slavery question. Johnson failed in his policy of reconstruction, but Congress prevailed only by an appeal to the

[1] *Party Government in the United States of America.* By William Milligan Sloane. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1914.

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people, sovereign over all the powers of government. Congress, indeed, blusters and legislates, but vital bills do not pass without the support of the administration; even tariff and silver have not commanded the support of a favorable majority when openly condemned by the President. And in 1893 the Senate was literally dragooned into repealing the Sherman Silver Act against the convictions of the majority.

These are very consoling chapters on the Presidency when you think of the frequent scares we have had lest some mild or commonplace Executive person should turn into a Nero overnight. "When once constitutional government is abandoned," said Mr. Bryan on a certain occasion, "the reign of arbitrary power is inaugurated." It was, I believe, when the late Mr. McKinley had become of a sudden a "blood-guilty usurper," and Mark Twain was advising us to replace the Stars and Stripes with the Skull and Cross-bones, and people down Boston way were for changing at once the name of Thanksgiving Day to Shame Day or the Devil's Own Day or something of the sort. We had torn up the Constitution, it will be remembered, spat upon the Declaration, violated the tombs of the Fathers, and, so far as liberty was concerned, had receded in about six months to the condition of Egypt under the Pharaohs. Saved by a miracle—the same old family miracle—we regained composure, but not for long. The blood-guilty usurpation of McKinley was soon followed by the Cæsarism of Theodore Roosevelt, and at this moment there is plainly discernible in the most respectable corners of any respectable club the shadow of the iron heel of WoodrowWilson.

While Professor Sloane does not go into these details, he manifests in general a reassuring calmness in the presence of impending despotism, having seen it impend so often in our oratory any time these hundred years. He does remark, however, that this tendency to anti-royalist agitation ought to be rebuked. "The effort of men with perverted concepts of history to prove a reversion to type must be resented." This seems a little too severe. Why resent that harmless and frequent illusion in American middle-aged political discussion that one is a Cato in this dying Republic? Nobody proceeds on this assumption to inconvenient acts of heroism. Nobody ever falls upon his sword, or even, for purposes of self-injury, takes the train for Utica. On the contrary, there is much comfort in that Cato feeling, and a political old age without it would be like an old age without cards. Says Professor Sloane: "Those

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who assert that we have a 'king' are the very men who promote the entelechy of absolutism." To one who has come in contact with them personally it does not seem so bad as that. They promote rather the entelechy of hypnogenesis or the apocolyntosis of the human head noticeable in all American political discussion. The author's style at times spurs one on to an equal verbal exertion.

> There can be no evolution without agitation, and prophets of evil have their important uses. By their ingenuity of attack upon existing institutions the fallible quality of the American Presidency has been thoroughly exposed. They find the President under bondage to the Senators, each of whom sits because he has secured the voting power of his State and holds that *in terrorem* over the President. Emancipation could only be secured by taking from the Senate its power of confirmation, and placing all patronage without control in the President's hands. This would give him the entire responsibility. Furthermore, the public welfare can secure the attention due from the Executive by separating the man and the office completely from the party "machine," and to this end his term should be seven years with no re-election. His eyes, ears, and hands—the Cabinet officers—should have seats in Congress and in the committee-rooms to advocate administrative measures and co-ordinate the powers of government.
>
> These are pure assumptions that another thing is better than the existing thing merely because it is another. The basic fallacy of such reformers may be exposed a million times; like all naughtinesses, it reappears.

In this discussion of the Presidency, and elsewhere, there is admirable temper and balance of mind, and the conservatism is not that of the usual "stand-pat" intellect, but of one accustomed to a long view of affairs, who has observed antecedent phenomena closely resembling the mighty portents of the present moment, and who does not believe that human nature changes radically, even from age to age. Historical study has disposed him to a benevolent skepticism, and he is patient even with that class of frivolous reformers whose real value is so hard to guess, unless perhaps Heaven means them as an object-lesson in infertility, and so bestows on them a single thought, like a china nest-egg, which they cannot hatch.

His discussion of recent American foreign policies is too brief for the development of his point of view. Like many others, he is sure that something very serious is happening to the Monroe Doctrine.

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In the last analysis the Monroe Doctrine is the expression of our determination to have within close proximity no powerfully armed neighbor. Of necessity the expansion of the comparatively small but populous and powerful states of Continental Europe created a system of military interventions. . . . But the American temper can brook no great standing military establishments, no compulsory military service in time of peace. . . . If such a pacific system is to be maintained on this Continent it means wardships or clientage in some form for all other states. Our southern neighbors have so understood the Monroe Doctrine and with growing strength have finally flouted it. Our acceptance of the South-American mediation for ever frees the mediators from all sense of such dependency as they have felt, and indicates the termination of a phase marked toward its close by much exasperation. . . . What our problem in Mexico or Central America may be no one can foretell, but the old Monroe Doctrine has lost its vitality south of the Canal strip, and has been repudiated by its beneficiaries with our assent.

His early chapters sketch briefly the political ideas of the eighteenth century, the formation of the Constitution out of elements already existing in our colonial institutions, the gradual appearance of party lines in the first decade of the nineteenth century, strict and loose construction, the Democratic-Republican party, its policies, leadership, inconsistencies, the gradual development of party organization, the régime of Andrew Jackson, and the evolution of the Presidency into a representative office. He emphasizes the practical turn of American politics, the readiness to sacrifice theories to material advantage. "The country for which I am patriotic must be a country in which I thrive." Parties here have not been revolutionary or radical in the European sense. "The outs want to get in, they seek legislation to justify their struggle, but they do not attack government itself." Theories are always modified by the responsibilities of office. Democratic-Republican rule "began as theoretical," but soon became "pragmatic." Parties in the American sense cannot exist except under a constitution which admits them to power, and in gaining power they must seek immediate and practical results. Idealists and reformers, therefore, will be unable to realize through them their own convictions, and will form groups or factions which may in time have an effect on practical politics; but the two real parties are conservative, reckon with numbers, and proceed by compromise. The powerful party has been one about whose "simple creed men of all sorts could rally," as it was with the Democratic-Republican party at the beginning.

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Adroit as the party manager may be, and sensitive to the demands of his voters, he is likely to win many at the cost of losing many, and his success in the nice calculation of results constitutes his supremacy. Jefferson was no exception; he is the hero eponymous of millions of Democrats at this moment; but it was public sentiment at whose shrine he worshiped.

In the party the American finds his political education; it is an extra-legal institution for satisfying the "basic wants" of his nature, and within it there is a "safety-valve for every striving." He feels himself sovereign and wants to exhibit himself in that capacity. Party agitation within party organization gives him a chance without danger to himself or others. Through the complexities and incoherencies of party history down to the present moment Professor Sloane discerns the same tendencies recurring under different forms. There is the divergence between the strict and loose constructionists, as marked and apparently as persistent in history as that between a bilious and a sanguine temperament. There is the growth of the democratic principle with the extension of the suffrage almost if not quite to women; and there is the gradual development of the idea of immediate popular control which threatens to replace the methods of representative by those of delegated government. As to this latter movement, while admitting that it is characteristic of "all present-day political action," he is by no means sure that it is "progress." Nor is he greatly excited about it one way or the other.

There is still a Federal Constitution pivotal to legislation and administration. It is remarkable that in the new stage of society no suggestion has been made for a national convention, similar to the familiar State conventions for the purpose of framing a new system consonant with the existing innovations of thought.

Social change has not affected the actuality of party government, and there is no reason to doubt that differences of opinion on strict and loose construction, on the limits of government, and on territorial expansion will continue to divide parties as heretofore.

F. M. Colby.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE STORY OF CALIFORNIA. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1914.

If the peculiar quality of interest aroused by Gertrude Atherton's stories were due primarily to a special kind of skill in the handling of plot, or to a singular deftness and persuasiveness in the exposition of character, we should hardly expect to find in her historic narrative, *The Story of California*, the same essential appeal that makes itself felt in her fiction. But her originality is, in truth, something more than a limited gift of story-telling. It depends upon a superior breadth and intensity of imagination, and upon a superior eye for fact. These superiorities, used in combination, produce a powerful effect that is more or less independent of the minor literary merits, though not inconsistent with them. An imaginative, a poetic, view of events in the large is combined with unsparing truth to fact in every detail. A paradoxical union of romance with realism takes place, and as we read we are led to believe that we have achieved, or are struggling toward, a more satisfactory view of things than would be otherwise attainable.

This view of things regards the universe as spectacular; it places the efforts of men toward goodness and toward other human values in a setting of hostile forces none too well understood—forces both of nature and of human nature—and in this way all kinds of interests become romantically enhanced. We are somewhat interested in geology, let us say: Mrs. Atherton makes the story of California's geologic transformations a majestic pageant, a Gargantuan spectacle; and in her narrative the prehistoric past takes on a new interest from its apparent affinity with the human present. We are all moved in some measure by any struggle for civic righteousness. Mrs. Atherton shows us the California vigilance committees going about their work with the grimness of fate, with a certain deliberateness and majesty, like the persons of a tragedy. The characters of men like "James King of Wm." and William T. Coleman stand out in her story like the sculptured figures of a frieze: not that the men themselves are made to appear remote or lifeless—far from it. It is merely that important personalities gain in sharpness of outline and in romantic interest through being a part of the magnificent pageant of

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Californian history as Gertrude Atherton sees it in its wholeness. Every story that forms a part of the larger story of the state is similarly enhanced in interest, through the operation of an imaginative power that does not transform the quality of facts or distort their truth, but rather infolds them and sets them against a spectacular background. From Father Serra to David Broderick; from the strangely romantic love story of Concha Argüello and Rezanov in 1806 to the Arabian Nights tale of the rise of the California millionaires in 1872—every event is profoundly felt and largely visualized, attaining through the bigness and splendor of its setting something of poetic or dramatic significance.

The history of California is full of strange contrasts—contrasts of violence with peace, of nobleness with meanness, of the spiritual with the practical. It is a story, vital and picturesque, in which even what is sordid attains to the interest of vitality and picturesqueness. Gertrude Atherton's imagination revels in this rich field; the stranger, the more paradoxical the story, the more baffling the mixture of good and evil in it, the more violent its contrasts, the greater is the opportunity for the effective use of the author's own romantic method. And in the end Mrs. Atherton does imaginative justice to her theme as perhaps no other writer could. It is as if the theme had been made for her; or rather, it may be, the same influences which made the history of California what it is explain the special genius of the author.

We may read her book not only for its artistic effect, but for the information it contains. Though the narrative is in one sense almost a "dream fugue," it makes no real sacrifice of actuality. For it is only when the author sums up and dwells upon her theme that she substitutes the general for the particular; at other times she shows as much care for actuality and detail as if she were writing of recent happenings for a daily newspaper. Indeed, she seems sometimes to write rather profusely and carelessly than for studied effect. But her view of the whole is large enough to include a multitude of not too meticulously related details, and always her energetic style succeeds in its aim of strongly impressing the imagination.

WILLIAM JAMES AND HENRI BERGSON. By HORACE MEYER KALLEN, Ph.D. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1914.

Comparisons, particularly in philosophy, are likely to be fruitful; indeed, it is doubtful whether a person may be said really to understand one philosophic system unless he understands two. Dr. Kallen's contrast of James with Bergson is fundamental; in going deep enough to find the essential lines of difference the author not only makes the doctrines of both philosophers stand out plainly, but he gives substantial meaning to the problems with which both dealt. In short, he makes us understand a little philosophy; and this is much, for it is

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none too easy to come at a knowledge of philosophy by reading philosophies.

The striking and immediate contrast which Dr. Kallen brings out is this: that Bergson, for all the novelty of his views, adheres to the metaphysical tradition as closely as did Spinoza, while it is James who represents something new in the world of thought. Plato would have found no difficulty in comprehending the meaning of the *élan vital* or of intuition; he would have been, to say the least, startled by "radical empiricism." Like Plato, like Aristotle, like Plotinos, like the medievals, Bergson considers that in true knowledge—that is, in the knowledge of intuition—*the knower is identified with the known.* Not only so, but Bergson's system, like all the traditional systems, is of a compensatory nature. It seeks to conserve certain human values; to make the universe as a whole seem comprehensible and not unfriendly. In working toward this end through intuition, it commits "hypostasis of the instrument," as the essentially compensatory systems that belong to the metaphysical tradition almost inevitably do.

When, in art or religion, we have found a way of thinking or a way of painting which brings to us a certain new satisfaction, we almost invariably desire—nay, demand—that the whole province of religious thought or of art be made tractable to the favorite instrument. If this does not seem easy, then religion, then art, must be newly defined; inconvenient facts must be explained away or at least softened. We have "hypostatized the instrument," and we quarrel no longer about truth or beauty, but about religion and art. Truth is now identified with a particular way of thinking; beauty and a particular way of painting have become substantially one.

Doubtless, we all do this to some extent, for the tendency is primarily human—not primarily metaphysical. The philosophers—always excepting the radical empiricists—are never wholly exempt from it. They do the thing not crudely, but grandly, not illogically, but in such a way as to produce something very like conviction—a comforting sense of possible belief, perhaps—but still they do it, and it is because of this that we are never able ultimately to rest in their ideas. "The historic glorification of intuition," writes Dr. Kallen, "is nothing more than a hypostasis of the instrument. . . . Intuition, . . . like all hypostases, has its basis in fact of some kind, of course; but it becomes what Bergson describes it to be only by hypostatizing this 'basis.'"

Nothing, of course, could be more contrary to the spirit of pragmatism; for according to pragmatism a philosophy is fundamentally a method of using pieces of reality to control the remainder, but never a vision of the total. Hypostasis of the instrument, then, is just what James and all other true pragmatists would most scrupulously avoid. A pragmatist, indeed, may and does occasionally emphasize almost the same elements as must a follower of Bergson; for it is a part of the office of pragmatism to bring neglected data into the focus of philosophic attention. Thus, James himself was constantly calling the attention

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of materialists to spiritual phenomena and requiring spiritualists to face material facts. But any coincidence between the doctrines of James and those of Bergson is accidental and not fundamental. As Dr. Kallen states the case, "Bergson erects the free and enduring movement discoverable in our inner life into the metaphysical substrate of all being." And in so doing "he erects into a system *one* of the data which radical empiricism freshly discovered and newly stressed."

An examination of the single point on which James and Bergson indisputably agreed only makes more obvious the gulf that lay between them. Reality, said Bergson, is *alogical;* in endeavoring to comprehend it our thinking simply distorts or unduly simplifies it: and in this, James, who was thinking in the same direction, followed him. Indeed, we are told that it was Bergson's critique of the *concept* that gave James courage to adopt the "principle of compounding" in psychology—in spite of logic. Both philosophers, then, accepted an identical principle, but with consequences how different! For Bergson found that in proportion as the mind devotes itself to practical thinking, submitting to the limitations of matter and of space and to the laws of logic, it becomes incapable of grasping reality—metaphysically impotent. James, on the contrary, drew the conclusion that only such thinking as implies utility has any meaning at all. Thus Bergson, in the traditional way, opposes action to metaphysical thought, while James invents a genuinely new point of view by making action, or the possibility of it, the key to all thought whatsoever. It is true that James's "knowledge of acquaintance" (which means just what the words mean) in several ways rather startlingly resembles "intuition." Knowledge of acquaintance is immediate, unique, incommunicable, complete in itself; it is *absolute.* But no one would dream of calling it the one true way of knowledge; for its object is not the universe, nor reality, but simply anything whatever. It is not capable of being hypostatized because, as Mr. Ballou, in *Roughing It,* said of his pistol, it is "too confoundedly comprehensive." The only thing one can do with knowledge of acquaintance is to give it meaning by turning it into "knowledge about." There can be, then, no true resemblance between James's contrast of "knowledge of acquaintance" with "knowledge about" and Bergson's distinction between intuitive knowledge and conceptual or practical knowledge.

Dr. Kallen's book is evidently far from being a neutral comparison of two philosophic doctrines in a perfectly dry light; it is, in effect, an examination of one doctrine in the light of another. As such it is all the more a contribution to current philosophical discussion; as such it is all the more interesting to the layman, for, indeed, those treatises in which no deepest sounding can discover the author's own opinions are seldom the most rewarding. Dr. Kallen as a writer possesses something of that brilliant clearness that belonged so notably to the

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man whom he owns as his master in philosophy—William James. He has written a genuinely readable book.

When we have finished it we may perhaps be led to the reflection that our real interest in the traditional philosophers is likely to end at about the point where their consideration of what may be called the professional problems of philosophy begins. We find Bergson's fundamental conception suggestive; we can hardly resist the belief that there is some truth in it. But when we enter upon the process of dialectically doing away with the old antinomies, we are aware of a certain discontent, not entirely due, perhaps, to a lack of understanding. This man, we say, has seen a vision; he has caught a hint, as poets do, of the nature of reality, but it is impossible that he should free his conception wholly from the imperfections of human reason. Toward the radical empiricists we feel somewhat differently. They are eminently sane and wholesome; they are guiltless of the sin of "hypostatizing the instrument"—that not unamiable and very human fault. Our discontent with them begins at just the point where they *refuse* to deal with the old problems in the old compensatory way. For what is a philosophy or a poem that is not compensatory? In our hearts we want the philosophers to go on building systems, just as Mr. Wells wants the Socialists to go on constructing Utopias, and just as we want the poets to go on writing poems about the infinite, which they do not, of course, understand.

Nor are we quite out of hope that the process may prove of use. To speak the platitude of platitudes, reality is beyond our reach. Its stronghold is inexpugnable; but though we can never take that stronghold by direct assault, may we not eventually envelop it and so reap some of the fruits of victory? Perhaps. Meanwhile, if we fail to see immediate victory in the charge of M. Bergson's heavy brigade, we may doubt at the same time whether mankind will permanently adhere to the Fabian tactics of that master strategist—William James.

ESSAYS ON BOOKS. By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

Professor Phelps appears in this book to be one of those teachers of English literature whom Henry Seidel Canby, in a recent article in the *Yale Review*, has happily described as "middle-of-the-road men"—teachers, that is to say, who are neither too purely inspirational, nor too profusely gossipy, nor too forbiddingly technical. The author approaches his subject from the standpoint of human interest rather than from that of research or speculative criticism. He knows well how to reconstruct a living personality—by a gradual accumulation of traits rather than by flashes of insight. But he never neglects the writer's work for the sake of dwelling upon the writer's personality. His essays are indeed "on books," and not on human nature in general, nor on the ways of genius. He seems, indeed, so little bent upon argument

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that we hardly realize that our views are being materially altered or enlarged by his cumulative setting forth of "evidential facts." One of his essays which wears, more than most, the air of a formal thesis, is that upon "Realism and Reality in Fiction"—an essay in which the author is surely right as to his central idea, though that, after all, is quite fully expressed in the remark he quotes from Turgenieff: "What difference does it make whether a woman sweats in the middle of her back or under her arms? I want to know how she thinks, not how she feels." This essay, however, like most of the others, is, in truth, chiefly historical and cumulative in its method. Its real conclusion is the statement that the contemporary "life" novel represents "a sincere, dignified, and successful effort to substitute reality for the former rather narrow realism; for it is an attempt to represent life as a whole."

There follow essays upon Richardson and upon Jane Austen—realists both, in the sense of the word derived from *reality* rather than in the sense derived from *realism*. Richardson's life and life-work are described with sympathy and precision. Unquestionably we are made to feel the artistic passion of the man, and to concede the worth of him as an artist. "It is beyond dispute," writes Professor Phelps, "that this solemn *paterfamilias*, drinking tea with sentimental women, and apparently foreordained to be a milksop, was in actuality one of the most stern and uncompromising realists that ever handled a pen." This, then, is a reason for thinking Richardson great. Similarly, "Jane Austen is fully as courageous and firm in her realism as was Flaubert; and she is greater than the author of *Madame Bovary*, for she arouses even more intense interest without using physical stimulants." All of which is quite convincing, and interesting as well; yet somehow one does not feel as the result of reading such pronouncements an immediate impulse to reread *Pamela* or *Pride and Prejudice*, and one remains as firmly resolved as ever *not* to read *Sir Charles Grandison*. Professor Phelps, in fact, appears not to be one of those writers who have the power of exciting a high degree of curiosity; rather, he satisfies it.

The remaining writers treated by Professor Phelps are the Englishmen Dickens, Carlyle, Marlowe, and Herrick; the Americans Whittier and Mark Twain; and the Germans Schopenhauer (whose view of life is rather obviously contrasted with that of Omar), Lessing, Schiller, and Paul Heyse. Nearly the most pungent of the author's comments is that upon Mark Twain; though "pungent" applies less truly to the comment than to the effect upon us, should we be disposed to take "in snuff" what is meant as a sober and moderate judgment. "Mark Twain," writes Professor Phelps, "was a greater artist than he was humorist; a greater humorist than he was philosopher; a greater philosopher than he was thinker. Goethe's well-known remark about Byron, 'The moment he thinks he is a child,' would in some respects be applicable to Mark Twain."

Sanity, the sound appreciation that comes of thorough acquaint-

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ance and of wide comparative knowledge—these rather than acumen or wit are the pre-eminent qualities in Professor Phelps's book

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THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW. By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Century Company, 1914.

Of authoritative books favoring the restriction of immigration to America, this by Professor Ross, who wrote *The Changing Chinese*, is perhaps the most readable and the most striking both in its descriptive style and in its graphic representations of statistical facts. *The Old World in the New* is indeed an impressive and rhetorically skilful summing up of all the evidence against the immigrant. What we possibly miss is the methodical and cautious weighing of facts characteristic of those books which merely embody the results of special investigations—that strictly scientific and technical analysis of statistical results which convinces the expert. Professor Ross writes as a man who, having fully made up his mind upon the matter of immigration, after an investigation as careful and painstaking as could well be required, is now bent not so much upon setting forth the details of his research as upon convincing the public of the truth of his own conclusions. Whoever reads this book should know that he is exposing himself to powerful batteries of argument. Professor Ross chooses his points of emphasis with real argumentative skill, and he appeals to our love of home and country in a manner that tends to inhibit other emotions. "I am not one of those," he writes, "who consider humanity and not the nation, who pity the living, but not the unborn. To me those who are to come after us stretch forth beseeching hands as well as the masses on the other side of the globe." By the same token it is true that the author, being as fair as he is skilful in debate, has stated the essential points of the restrictionist case with a clearness and force that leave nothing to be desired. His analysis cuts through the superficial layers of argument and defines real issues. In speaking, for instance, of the bulk of Italian immigration, he writes: "As grinding rusty iron reveals the bright metal, so American competition brings to light the race-stuff in poverty-crushed immigrants. But not all this stuff is of value in a democracy like ours. Only a people endowed with a steady attention, a slow-fuse temper, and a persistent will can organize itself for success in the international rivalries to come. So far as the American people consents to incorporate with itself great numbers of wavering, impulsive, excitable persons, it must in the end resign itself to lower efficiency, to less democracy, or to both." This is not merely an original and clear-cut phrasing of the case; it is the basing of the argument—conclusive or not as that may be—upon a really fundamental principle: the responsibility for the future of America, with whatever it may hold of benefit to mankind, does rest upon us who possess America now.

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PHILIP THE KING. By JOHN MASEFIELD. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

Mr. Masefield's new tragedy, *Philip the King*, bears witness, as does the earlier play, *Pompey the Great*, to the writer's singular dramatic sense—by which is meant, of course, not at all a sense of adaptation to the theater, but one form of the poetic sense—the instinct and imagination that enables a man to write dramatic poetry; to poetize, without dehumanizing, human nature. There is hardly another writer of English to-day who expresses so much of the immediacy of life and feeling, of the instant stir and tension of it as lived from moment to moment, and of the sense of mysterious forces working under the surface to produce this effect of spontaneous self-sufficing, momentary life, as does Mr. Masefield. No other writer so identifies himself with the vital current of the action he describes; he is a part of the action, not the mere spectator and critic of it. Necessarily, it is he who does the feeling in the hearts of his characters and the thinking in their minds; and so sometimes his heroic figures seem inadequate. Their inadequacy, if we feel it to be such, is no fault of Mr. Masefield's essential mode of procedure, but is due simply to human limitations. If Mr. Masefield cannot create a Pompey so fully a great man as is Shakespeare's Mark Antony, that can only be because Mr. Masefield's personality is less than that of Shakespeare. In both cases the method is the method of dramatic poetry. The work of thinking and feeling is really done *in* the minds and hearts of the persons represented; it is not done simply *about* them or *for* them.

Philip the King is a greater play than *Pompey the Great*, first, because Mr. Masefield's Philip is a more adequate heroic figure, a fuller incarnation of life, than is his Pompey. As represented by Mr. Masefield, Philip the Second of Spain, great in defeat, unafraid of ghosts though steeped in crime, is a figure that powerfully impresses the imagination—a bigger personality than we can usually conceive men's personalities to be, yet convincing. Secondly, *Philip the King* is the better play of the two because it is the more poetic, and because it is the less marked by the narrower sort of realism and by mere impersonation. Its lines attain, through poetry, to an expression of thought and feeling fuller, less fragmentary, and surely not less true than do those of *Pompey the Great*. Nor does the employment of supernatural machinery in the play interfere with our pleasure. Whoever feels the mystery of life-forces working beneath the surface will seek to produce not only a tragic terror, but a tragic uncanniness. And the ghosts which appear to Philip are not merely mouthpieces for thoughts that must be expressed; they are uncanny in somewhat the same way as is the voice which announces that Macbeth shall sleep no more.

Besides the play, *Philip the King*, there are contained in the new volume several new poems: "The Wanderer," "The River," "Watch-

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ing by a Sick-bed," "August, 1914." Of these, "August, 1914," is the most notable. This poem, called forth by the outbreak of the war, is by no means the result of a wish to do justice through poetry to a great and horrifying event, but it is the product of a genuine poetic impulse. The case is, not that war must be somehow thought into poetry, but that the war stimulates to a kind of thinking that is in the deeper sense poetic, and that finds, as by a kind of affinity, a wonderfully apt poetic form. By every test, "August, 1914," is true poetry—as much so as is Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," which it distantly resembles in its quiet movement and in its effective use of the method of enumeration. There is to be found in it, as in the "Elegy," that unostentatious felicity of expression, that coalescence of thought and feeling with the spoken word, which is felt to be the result of inspiration, and which distinguishes poetry from mere rhetoric. Moreover, "August, 1914," has a *fluidity* that Matthew Arnold must have approved. As we read it we become convinced that Mr. Masefield's mind is channeled in such a way that his thoughts may arrive at warm and intimate meanings with a naturalness and directness that are less attainable for most minds than is a highly developed power of logical analysis or of word-building—in other words, we believe that he has poetic genius.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

To the Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of 2015:*

SIR,—Kindly accept from us to you greetings—and pass them on, please, to the Editor of 2115, with a suggestion that he do likewise.

We are, sir, etc.

TO AMERICA CONCERNING ENGLAND

BY WILLIAM WATSON

Art thou her child, born in the proud midday
Of her large soul's abundance and excess?
Her daughter and her mightiest heritress.
Dowered with her thoughts, and lit on Thy great way
By her great lamps that shine and fail not? Yes!
And at this thunderous hour of struggle and stress
Hither across the ocean wilderness
What word comes frozen on the frozen spray?
Neutrality! The tiger from his den. . . .
Springs at Thy mother's throat. And canst thou now
Watch with a stranger's gaze? So be it then.
Thy loss is more than hers; for, bruised and torn,
She shall yet live without Thine aid, and thou
Without the crown divine thou mightst have worn!

We would not deny, William, that we art indeed her child, but turn we pray to thy history of the episode, and thou wilt learn it was no twilight sleep. "The tiger from his den?" The Hessian tiger! Aye, we mindst him well, as well we mayst, for didst not he spring at struggling daughter's throat in the proud midday, at noble mother's bidding, that he might reap of her large soul's abundance and excess? Better begone, William, with thy bygones which we long since forgave and wouldst in sooth forget; else, listen, William! we mightst be less neutral than we art. And keepest, thou, thy baubles; we like not crowns nor even kings divine. 'Twas thus in the proud midday which you mention, William, and we guess it ever shalt be, world without end, amen.

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President Wilson might have said most aptly to Congress what President Washington said to the Senate in 1789:

We are conscious that the prosperity of each state is unseparably connected with the welfare of all, and that in promoting the latter we shall effectually advance the former. In full persuasion of this truth, it shall be our invariable aim to divest ourselves of local prejudices and attachments, and to view the great assemblages and communities committed to our charge with an equal eye.

. . . . . .

Thus supported by a firm trust in the Great Arbiter of the Universe, aided by the collected wisdom of the Union, and imploring the divine benediction on our joint exertions in the service of our country, I readily engage with you in the arduous but pleasing task of attempting to make a nation happy.

Again in 1790:

The disturbed situation of Europe and particularly the critical posture of the great maritime powers, whilst it ought to make us the more thankful for the general peace and security enjoyed by the United States, reminds us at the same time of the circumspection with which it becomes us to preserve these blessings. It requires also that we should not overlook the tendency of a war, and even of preparations for a war, among the nations most concerned in active commerce with this country, to abridge the means, and thereby at least enhance the price, of transporting its valuable productions to their proper markets. I recommend it to your serious reflection how far and in what modes it may be expedient to guard against embarrassments from these contingencies by such encouragements to our own navigation as will render our commerce and agriculture less dependent on foreign bottoms, which may fail us in the very moments most interesting to both of these great objects.

And in 1795:

If by prudence and moderation on every side the extinguishment of all the causes of external discord which have heretofore menaced our tranquillity, on terms compatible with our national rights and honor, shall be the happy result, how firm and precious a foundation will have been laid for accelerating, maturing, and establishing the prosperity of our country.

In 1796, too:

When we advert to the internal situation of the United States we deem it equally natural and becoming to compare the present period with that immediately antecedent to the operation of the Government, and to contrast it with the calamities in which the state of war still involves several of the European nations, as the reflections deduced from both tend to justify as well as to excite a warmer admiration of our free Constitution, and to exalt our minds to a more fervent and grateful sense of piety toward Almighty God for the beneficence of His providence, by which its administration has been hitherto so remarkably distinguished.

. . . . . .

Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the

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causes of which are essentially foreign to our concern. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

He might also have quoted from President Jefferson's Second Inaugural in 1804:

In the transaction of your foreign affairs we have endeavored to cultivate the friendship of all nations, and especially of those with which we have the most important relations. We have done them justice on all occasions, favored where favor was lawful, and cherished mutual interests and intercourse on fair and equal terms. We are firmly convinced, and we act on that conviction, that with nations, as with individuals, our interests soundly calculated will ever be found inseparable from our moral duties, and history bears witness to the fact that a just nation is trusted on its word when recourse is had to armaments and wars to bridle others.

And his Proclamation in 1807:

During the wars which for some time have unhappily prevailed among the powers of Europe the United States of America, firm in their principles of peace, have endeavored, by justice, by a regular discharge of all their national and social duties, and by every friendly office their situation has admitted, to maintain with all the belligerents their accustomed relations of friendship, hospitality, and commercial intercourse. Taking no part in the questions which animate these powers against each other, nor permitting themselves to entertain a wish but for the restoration of general peace, they have observed with good faith the neutrality they assumed, and they believe that no instance of a departure from its duties can be justly imputed to them by any nation.

And, best of all, perhaps, from President Madison in 1809:

I forbear to call the attention of the Legislature to any matters not particularly urgent.

In point of fact, these are the very things that he did say, although in language quite as different as it was his own; thus proving again the fidelity to Virginian tradition and thought of all Virginian Presidents.

But *The Argonaut* will venture the guess that either Justice Hughes, Senator Borah, or Ambassador Herrick will be chosen by the Republicans of the

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country to head their ticket in 1916. The strongest man of the three, speaking personally and fundamentally, is Borah.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Of course; as Col. John Temple Graves remarks in the William-Randolph-Hearst papers:

Fully as strong, if not stronger than Mann with the Republicans of Congress is their great Senator Borah, of Idaho. There are many on both sides of the chamber who look upon Borah as the ideal Senator. A great constitutional lawyer, a magnificent debater, rugged, fearless, and as honest a man as ever sat in Republican councils, the Senator from Idaho holds a place in public life that any man may envy. He is a sound statesman rather than a partisan, and when he speaks the Senate and the country listen.

The Borah advocates recognize that his small northwestern State is a handicap to his strength, but they urge that his fine national character and repute would offset all territorial limitations. His temporary association with the Roosevelt Progressives has been fully redeemed by the fact that he was practically the pioneer in leading the Progressive thousands back to the ranks of the regular organization. There can be no sure forecast of Republican nominees for 1916 that omits Borah and Mann. Here at least their names lead all the rest.

Or, as we ourselves were sufficiently temerous to hazard, away back in March, 1913:

A PREDICTION

We predict to-day [March 8, 1913] that the next Republican candidate for President of the United States will be William E. Borah, of Idaho.

And, going a step further, in December, 1913:

Charles S. Whitman—a likely candidate for Governor. And if elected? Borah and Whitman, should we say?

> Yet ah! why should they know their fate,
> Since sorrow never comes too late,
> And happiness too swiftly flies?
> Thought would destroy their paradise.
> No more; where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise.

Ignorance ceases to be bliss when a Texas journal—the *Houston Post*—prints things like this:

Secretary Garrison and Secretary Bryan are not altogether agreed as to what constitutes adequate national defense for this peace-loving country. "Every nation," says the former, "must have adequate force to protect itself from domestic insurrections, to enforce its laws, and to repel invasions—that is, every nation that has similar characteristics to those of a self-respecting man." These considerations, he insists, should determine the size of the

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country's military establishment. Hence his recommendation for an increase in the size and effectiveness of the regular army. He is unable to conceive, he says, how "a reasonable, prudent, patriotic man" can reach the conclusion that military preparation for these purposes can be characterized as "militarism." Secretary Garrison is from New England. He is not a sentimentalist or a jingo. He loves peace, but he is well aware that there are nations not so much in love with the idea as this nation when they think that war will serve their purposes of aggrandizement better.

Both Colonel R. M. Johnston, proprietor, and Mr. George Bailey, editor, must know that declarations such as this serve only to confuse the mind of true Democracy. Secretary Bryan and Secretary Garrison—in fact, all members of the Cabinet—are in perfect accord; they have to be. Moreover, Mr. Garrison is not "from New England"; he is from New Jersey, the temporary abode of President Wilson, and the home of the Honorable James E. Martine, no less than of the formerly Honorable James Smith, Jr.

Senator Harry Lane took the home folks into his confidence when he returned to Oregon from Washington, saying, breezily:

A bird's-eye view of the Senate shows there are a few highly intelligent men, but the bulk are just common, ordinary, average muts. They are the same sort that you find in the Council, in the Legislature, or on the street, but every one is "the distinguished gentleman from Oregon," or whatever state it is. That "distinguished gentleman" stuff is Senatorial courtesy. In Washington, just the same, a Senator is some pumpkins. His card takes him anywhere, and when he flashes his card every one jumps. He sends in his card and the President sees him while the other people wait. He offers his card in a department, and there is an upheaval to assist him.

With my old slouch-hat I had a hard job making any one think I was a "distinguished gentleman" at first, and I still have that trouble. I went into a department and I was passed up like a white chip. No clerk was too low to give me a moment's attention.

Then I poked my card at one of them and instantly things began to happen. It was like a bunch of rats running for a piece of cheese. Every man Jack in the department wanted to do something for me, from the head of the department down to the smallest office-boy. They even forgave me for wearing a slouch-hat. That gives some idea of how a Senator is regarded—you see, they are afraid that if they offend a Senator he will cut down the appropriation for their department or may have them canned.

I guess I don't look like a Senator. Senators, as a rule, don't wear plug-hats, and many wear slouch-hats; but I have a sneaking idea that they don't approve of the style of slouch-hat which we wear on the Coast—maybe we are a bit behind the times in head-gear. Anyway, the first five days I was a Senator they shooed me away from the Capitol, and I had to use the public entrance and elevators instead of those reserved for Senators.

Nevertheless, the Senator "discovered this—the Senate with all its uppishness and hot air is nearer to the people than the House of

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Representatives, and getting closer all the time"—a statement, whose credibility, we have to confess, is strengthened immeasurably by his own sprightly candor.

The world-wide reputation which Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge acquired some years ago as the Editor of this REVIEW he is now regaining as the Father-in-law of the Honorable Augustus Peabody Gardner, M. C. It is interesting, therefore, to note the following conversation as reported by Dr. St. Clair McKelway in the *Brooklyn Eagle:*

"You read the newspapers, don't you?" asked Mr. Gardner.
"Certainly," replied Senator Lodge.
"Do you read them thoroughly?"
"I believe I do."
"Did you ever hear of Connie Mack?" inquired Mr. Gardner.
"Connie Mack?" repeated Mr. Lodge.
"Yes, Connie Mack."
"You mean Norman Mack, don't you?"
"I do not. I mean Connie Mack."
"I do not think I ever heard of him," replied Mr. Lodge, after a period of thought.
"And still you assert that you read the newspapers thoroughly," remarked Mr. Gardner.
"But who is Connie Mack?" inquired the Senator.
"He is a person," declared Mr. Gardner, impressively, "who is probably better known to several millions of American citizens than Henry Cabot Lodge."

Although characteristically disrespectful, if not, indeed, positively unfilial on the part of Augustus Peabody, we may not deny the approximate accuracy of his assertion. As a strategist Mr. Connie Mack is the Admiral Mahan of the diamond, and is, moreover, undoubtedly more widely though hardly "better" known to millions than the distinguished Senator; but in retentiveness of memory we suspect the statesman excels. Who could have dreamed, for example, of his remembering Mr. Norman Mack? True, the name was familiar during the long period of Republican administration, but has anybody heard it since the Democratic party came into power? Not to our knowledge, nor, apparently, to his or the President's.

Ambassador Gerard informs the State Department that there is practically an unlimited market for cotton in Germany, as the mills there are working full time to meet the needs of the army and civilians for various cotton manufactures. The ambassador states that the price for the staple in that country ranges from thirteen to eighteen cents per pound after allowing two cents for insurance, freight, and other charges. Stocks are running low, and it is estimated that 2,000,000 bales could find a market there.—*Houston Post.*

In other words, we have cotton to sell to folks who want to buy; but England won't let us.

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An especially happy achievement of Count von Bernstorff is that he succeeded during a visit to William Randolph Hearst, the American newspaper king, in capturing this sovereign and over six hundred American newspapers for the German cause. To capture Hearst is equivalent to a battle won. —*Vossische Zeitung.*

Won? yes; but by whom? Humbly but firmly we suggest that our professional brother, Dr. Ludwig Stein, seek illumination from His Excellency the Honorable James Wadsworth Gerard, who continues to reside, much to his disgust, just around the corner.

Competition for the position of meanest man is always open to new entries.—*Hartford Courant.*

Not so! The entries are closed. Dr. Charles Hopkins Clark wins when he says, deliberately:

Senator Martine, turning his back on President Wilson and opposing his nominations, raises the question again how keen is a serpent's tooth.

The whole country knows—he very well knows it himself—that, but for Dr. Woodrow Wilson, he never would have been a Senator.

None knows better than the aged but enlightened editor of the *Hartford Courant* that serpents are not endowed with teeth. That Mr. Martine might not have become a Senator "but for Dr. Woodrow Wilson" may be conceded, but the vital fact should never be overlooked that he was designated, not as a Person, not even as a Patriot, but as a Principle. And such he continues with somewhat irritating persistence to be.

We read in the *New York Times:*

NEWTON, N. J., *Dec. 20.*—Charles Ashford Shafer, Sussex County's oldest resident, will celebrate his one-hundred-and-second birthday at the home of his son, George Shafer, at 181 Main Street, on Tuesday. Mr. Shafer is still active, hale, and hearty, and walks several miles each day. He was born a few miles from here, and has spent all his life in this section. For many years he conducted a distillery. The centenarian declares that chewing tobacco is a means of preventing disease, and he has been chewing it since a boy. Mr. Shafer reads without the aid of glasses.

That is surely a ripe old age—two years older than we are. A Democrat of course; Sussex County, "conductor of distillery," masticator of Mr. Thomas F. Ryan's life-prolonging products, etc., etc. Good old man! May he live long and partake of Secretary Redfield's prosperity while reading with zest and "without glasses" the speeches of the Honorable Richard Pearson Hobson.

Our attention has been called to a paragraph, which, frankly, escaped notice at the time of reading the sermon. It is as follows:

There is another matter of which I must make special mention, if I am to discharge my conscience, lest it should escape your attention.

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Do you call that up to standard? We do not credit it. Is the President really going to "discharge his conscience"? Perish the thought.—*Hartford Courant.*

This is silly. How could the President discharge his conscience? He cannot even discharge Josephus.

The *Courant* of No Account—Right but not Worthy of Consideration—*Headline in the "Hartford Courant" over a quotation from this* REVIEW.

Not so! Rather let us say, not always right, but invariably worthy of most distinguished consideration. To Charles Hopkins Clark, a true Yankee journalist, able, interesting, venerable; upon this, his 150th birthday, greetings from our own humble adolescence of a mere century of fleeting years.

Jefferson M. Levy has agreed to sell Monticello to the Government for $500,000—*Houston Post.*

Quite likely; but it takes two to strike a bargain; and the energetic Mrs. Littleton is not yet the Government, even when upheld by Mr. Bryan. Let us have done with this nonsense! The place is worth about $100,000. If the worshipers of Thomas Jefferson wish to preserve it as a memorial, let them buy it and pay for it, as the admirers of George Washington did in like instance with Mount Vernon. But the Government? Never! Else presently we shall be confronted with appropriation bills for the purchase of every Presidential domicile in sight, from the barn of Rutherford B. Hayes to the woodshed on Sagamore Hill.

The *Courier-Journal* gives it to the Republicans straight that they have no chance of electing a President in 1916.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Colonel Watterson already sees Justice Hughes defeated by President Wilson in the race for President in 1916.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

What a Grand Old Man he is!

From the *Congressional Record* of December 15:

Mr. REED.—Mr. President, I have no desire to be pestiferous or troublesome.

How extraordinary a statement!

Epitomized by Tommy Atkins:

First you 'ears a 'ell of a noise, and then the nurse says, "Try and drink a little of this."

Good sport, that! Like polo, shall we say?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE OTHER PHASE

SIR,—I have read with attention the few pages contributed by Mr. Phelps to your November issue. The feeling which this article expresses is very noble, and although at this time of day Mr. Phelps can cherish no illusions about the futility of his denunciation of war, it is not amiss that such a voice should be heard.

But apart from the idealist's point of view, there is another which Mr. Phelps overlooks to the extent of making his appeal decidedly misleading.

Mr. Phelps seems to think that all wars are wrong and useless, "never settling the rights and wrongs of any conflict of opinion," and consequently he is inclined to condemn in the lump all wars and all belligerents. It is characteristic of this spirit that he hardly finds a word of sympathy for Belgium —undoubtedly a victim of war—probably because Belgium, helpless as she was, chose to show fight.

But this is a view which will not stand even superficial examination. What does Mr. Phelps think of the Independence War, of the Greek rebellion against Turkey, of the Italian rebellion against Austria, of the anti-German agitation in Alsace-Lorraine? There are hundreds of historic instances showing that peoples have gained morally by going to war.

The effect of Mr. Phelps's pages on many minds with less training and less leisure than he has himself, and ought to use to dispel clouds, will be to convince them that everybody is equally to blame in the European war, and that this purely negative attitude is the best kind of neutrality. The reason which he gives in support of his point of view, *viz.*, that the "good and intelligent people" in every one of the nations at war are all equally convinced of their right, will probably strike some people as irrefutable and will leave them under the impression that it is useless to go into the details of an insoluble question.

This is what I think extraordinary in a university professor whose business it is to give the example of a virile critical spirit. Mr. Phelps can handle an historical question; he can make use of documents; he certainly knows the trend of European history in the last fifty years. Bearing this in mind and with the recent evidence at hand, how can he say that France, England, Russia, and Germany are all equally responsible for this war? In fact, the same issue in which Mr. Phelps's effusion appeared contained discussions of facts which he must have thought destructive of his position, and I only wish to point out what I consider an intellectual example of the more dangerous character because it is given by an unquestionably noble and Christian character.

ERNEST DIMNET.

PARIS.

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"AN UNCOUTH SLAV DIALECT"

SIR,—The article of Mr. Sydney Brooks in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on "The Future of Austria-Hungary" is on the whole so fair and so much in sympathy with Bohemian national aspirations that it seems a pity to have it marred by an incidental, and yet in the very nature of things offensive, remark —offensive to Bohemians, at any rate—that the Bohemian language is "an uncouth Slav dialect." Nothing can be farther from the truth, and it certainly is peculiar that so well-informed an observer as Mr. Brooks is not aware of the actual facts.

The Encyclopedia Americana has an extensive article on the Bohemian (Czech) Language and Literature from which, in view of Mr. Brooks's statement, the following is worth quoting.

> The Czech (Bohemian) language or dialect was the first of the Slavonic idioms which was cultivated scientifically. It is spoken in Bohemia, Moravia, with slight variations in Austrian Silesia, in Hungary, and in Slavonia. The sound of entire words, not that of the single letters which compose them, determines the roughness or smoothness of their pronunciation. The terminations of the various declensions and conjugations are mostly vowels, or the smoother consonants. *In general, the Bohemian has a natural melody like that of the Greek.* The Bohemian language, moreover, has much expressiveness and energy, as it is not weakened by a number of articles, auxiliary words, conjunctions, and words of transition, but is able to represent the objects of imagination, of passion, and all the higher emotions of the poet and orator, in a lively manner; by its brevity heaping together the most significant words and arranging the connection of the parts of speech according to the degree of feeling to be expressed, so as to give the style, spirit, and energy, or gentleness and equability. This language is, therefore, very well fitted for the translation of the Latin classics. By the use of the last participle active the Bohemian can designate, as well as the Greek, who has really performed the action contained in the predicate of the accessory clause, which the Latin, with its ablative absolute or participle active, must leave always undefined or dubious. In the subtlety of grammatical structure the Bohemian is like the Greek, and has the advantage over the Latin and other languages. Finally, the free, unrestrained arrangement of the words contributes much to perspicuity, as the Bohemian is less fettered than almost any other modern language to a particular order.

That is the language which Mr. Brooks calls "an uncouth Slav dialect"!

I do not care to burden your readers with a recital of the development of Bohemian literature. It is of interest, however, that according to commonly credited report the late Jaroslav Vrchlicky was to be this year the recipient of the Nobel prize for literature, and, certainly, as a poet Vrchlicky is equal to Tennyson. Right now there is no nation, large or small, that can boast of a poet of the power of J. S. Machar. Permit me this prediction: When the Bohemians shall have overcome the mountains of prejudice and misinformation erected against them by a hostile German press the world will find in their literature a treasure mine of unsurpassed wealth.

CHARLES PERGLER.

CRESCO, IOWA.

DOES AMERICA WANT DISARMAMENT?

SIR,—Noted scholars call this the Civil War of the World. Have they substantial reasons and facts to support that declaration? Is militarism the deadly menace which corresponds with the slavery question in the American

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Civil War? Lincoln opposed emancipation until the historic moment demanded it. Is Wilson waiting for a like overwhelming demand for emancipation from militarism?

Can the combatant nations of Europe be intrusted to enforce disarmament at the end of hostilities? Could Lincoln have freed the slaves without armies? Can the neutral nations hope to secure disarmament without armed intervention?

Secession roused the North to indomitable battle. Will the neutral nations feebly stand aside for mad conquering nations to decide the fate of disarmament? With drawn sword the Federation of the World must establish the Parliament of Man.

C. Allison.

Cincinnati.

GERMANS AND BELGIANS

Sir,—As a regular reader of The Review I believe that I express the sentiment of a large number of your subscribers in stating that an article such as that appearing in the November number under the title of "War," and written by a "peace-at-any-price" advocate, does much more harm than any articles published by German professors in our large universities in defense of "The Fatherland," and which have called forth severe criticism and denunciation from some of our leading magazines.

Though to my mind I do not see how any one can doubt the fact that Prussian militarism was directly responsible for this war, still, for the sake of argument, let us admit, as your correspondent says, that we in the United States do not know where to place the blame for this great world catastrophe; let us admit all this and turn to the question of little Belgium.

For if our correspondent is consistent he will censure and criticize the Belgians for having entered into this war at all, when they might have secured peace to themselves by simply allowing the Germans to march through their country unopposed. He would certainly have called this the most honorable way, and if his doctrine is right the people of the United States are doing wrong in extending aid to the starving Belgians on account of a war which they deliberately brought upon themselves.

Our "peace-at-any-price" advocates would have made admirable Tories in the days of the Revolution, and some years later would have been willing to have allowed the curse of slavery to spread all over the United States in order to avoid strife. They certainly would have never furnished us with a Washington or a Lincoln. But why continue the argument?

I will conclude with the statement that I am not a Roosevelt man, as you might suppose, for I voted for Wilson two years ago, and expect to vote for him again.

Reed Babcock.

Sheldon, Iowa.

APPRECIATION

Sir,—Having given some study to the question of international amity, and familiar with the various phases of the movement as pertaining to the Western Hemisphere in particular, I wish to say few writings on the subject in recent years have afforded me as much pleasure as your editorial in the current number of The Review.

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May I not, then, ask you to accept a copy of my book, *The Peace Movement of America*, with my appreciative compliments? The book, you will find, is but an episode, a record of events which lent themselves to journalistic treatment, as it were. But I think I succeeded in my purpose—namely, to show that peace can be made interesting, just as your editorial is really a remarkable achievement at this moment when war and all war entails is considered the only sort of reading that the public cares for.

I shall look forward with pleasure to see THE REVIEW surpass its former excellent efforts when the 1915 centenary arrives. I would wish you could hold to that term, for, as you correctly say, a celebration is really out of place.

With appreciation of what THE REVIEW is doing, covering as it does almost every phase of human action to-day, I remain,

JULIUS MORITZEN.

DORCHESTER.

SIR,—Yours is the only magazine in America that is worth the money.

J. T. STEWART, 2nd.

OMAHA, NEB.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

SIR,—Inclosed find an appreciation (if you choose) of your magazine, which came to me from one of a number of college students studying periodical literature in the Journalism Course at Columbia—a girl enrolled at Barnard College. If it appeals to you, you may use it in any way you choose.

LEROY C. WILSEY,
Instructor in English, Stevens School.

NEWARK, N. J.

INCLOSURE:—After reading cheap magazines, with their garish illustrations, poor ink, and small type faces set on the eternal glare of "white wood-cuts," one gives a contented and restful sigh on turning to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. From the outside—because of its size—the impression is conveyed that the owners must be clipping generous coupons, for the advertising in a thirty-five-cent magazine of such proportions cannot but be highly profitable, and one receives a distinct shock upon finding that there are one hundred and fifty-nine pages of reading-matter, with only twenty-two of advertising. Yet the shock is a pleasant one, for it is unusual to see such a disparity between the two when the balance is on the side of the reading-matter.

And such reading-matter! No froth; no skimmed milk. Good, solid nutriment; plenty of cream; and withal, such reading as intelligent and thoughtful people can enjoy without being termed "high-brows" or pedants. There are a variety of subjects treated: politics, of course; the *war* (now); economic questions; national and international questions; the drama; literature; psychology; and book reviews. Then there are the contributors. Five Presidents of the United States have written for this magazine, several railway presidents, many captains of industry and finance, leading university professors, titled and distinguished foreigners.

On the cover of the periodical—under the name—is a statement in small-point type: One-hundredth year; and the ensemble gives the impression of conservative solidity, without that hide-bound, moss-backed constriction of ideas and methods which spells retrogression instead of progression. There is

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also on the cover a list of the articles published, with the names of the authors —not tucked away in the corner of some illustration or advertisement, but placed neatly on the lower half, in sensible type, so that he who glances may see.

The first twenty or thirty pages of each issue are taken up with editorials, and when a page contains approximately four hundred words it means that the editor is a man of no mean ability, for none of it is "clipped," and the subjects treated range from railway legislation and treaty obligation to industrial conditions and latest scientific discoveries.

In addition to the convenience and pleasure afforded by the use of good stock and large (compared with other magazines) type, well spaced and accurately aligned, the editor gives, under the heading "Contributors to This Number," a bit of interesting biographical information concerning the author of each contribution, which serves as a personal introduction to the reader and makes a bond between reader and writer which adds zest to the perusal of the articles.

PROHIBITION

SIR,—It is a source of amazement to me that the big magazines of America, like THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, are ignoring, almost, the greatest economic, most vital question that society has ever had to deal with, for there are few indeed that ever even touch upon the subject of alcoholism, except in a purely scientific way which arouses no general interest in the questions involved in its use. Possibly many of them fear resentment from the liquor interests, but I feel pretty sure that cannot be implied of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. But, again, cannot the editors of THE REVIEW see that prohibition is a live issue? Cannot they see that it is sweeping the country, is even now a national issue? And do they not realize that prohibition will be nation-wide within the next decade? I am not a religious fanatic, nor even a prohibition crank. I merely see the situation with unprejudiced eyes, from a business man's standpoint—and I see America prohibition in the very near future.

JAMES LOGAN MOSBY.

OKLAHOMA CITY.

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN VOTE

SIR,—So far as I am informed you are mistaken in your speculations about the last election. Among the German-American voters the word was passed around from North to South, and from West to East, to vote against the Democratic ticket in order to protest against the obviously one-sided attitude the administration is taking in the present European conflict. I was one of the many who followed this advice, and I can name at least twenty other men who voted the same way. Some of us thought that Mr. Gerard might be a very desirable addition to the Senate, where we hoped he might be influential in bringing about a real neutrality and a greater impartiality in our foreign affairs. I am sure that you will have to reckon with us when you begin to explain why Mr. Gerard "ran 70,000 ahead of the State ticket."

A. BUSSE, Ph.D.,
Professor in Hunter College.

NEW YORK CITY.

GOOD WISHES

SIR,—My very keen regret over your withdrawal from *Harper's Weekly* is mellowed by the satisfying qualities of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

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May your mind continue the direction of minds in tune with the higher ideals of this great nation and its thinking men.

A. T. MACDONALD.

LOUISVILLE.

CONSTITUTIONAL GUARANTEES

SIR,—A mere layman in the law offers suggestions, stimulated by the learned article written by the Hon. David Jayne Hill, on "The State and the Citizen," in the August NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Americans are proud of our constitutional "division and distribution" of power, so that its arbitrary use is very difficult. But is the chief corner-stone of the stability of our Government through one hundred and twenty-five years, the fact that the judiciary has usurped the authority to overrule the legislative branch of government by annulling or sanctioning its acts? I do not understand that the written constitutions of France and of the South-American Republics differ materially from the Constitution of the United States, from which they were all patterned. No other Government permits the judiciary to nullify the doings of the legislature. Who supposes for a moment that if the French judiciary had assumed such power, or had been given such power by the Constitution, government changes would have been materially less? Who claims that any such exaltation of judicial authority would have saved the Latin-American States from the anarchy that has blighted them? Have Brazil and Argentina gained their new quiet by conferring new powers upon the judiciary?

Great Britain's Government has held on its even way, quietly changing from time to time its so-called Constitution, for far more than our one hundred and twenty-five years, yet has never even proposed to exalt the judiciary above the legislature.

Evidently the great cause of the stability or instability of governments is in the character of the people under the government, rather than in the status of the judiciary.

I do not urge the restriction of our judiciary to its bare constitutional functions, nor do I argue for the recall, though I cannot avoid noting the fact that the Supreme Court's Dred-Scott decision, begotten, as Abraham Lincoln claimed, if not in fraud, certainly in a very unjudicial manner, was practically "recalled" by the people, after having powerfully stimulated the world's greatest civil war.

(Rev.) HENRY COLMAN.

MILWAUKEE.

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CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

THE OBDURATE COMMISSION

(*From the Harrisburg Telegraph*)

George Harvey in his recent analysis of the results of the election intimated that President Wilson would be justified in recommending to Congress the abolition of the Interstate Commerce Commission. In view of what has transpired during the last year, and by reason of its continued arbitrary and inconceivable course of action, Colonel Harvey will have plenty of company in his attitude toward this remarkable body.

On top of an Administration war tax in time of peace and in further aggravation of repeated offenses, this commission, absolutely irresponsive to public sentiment, persists in its seesawing and delay at the expense of the business of the country. Referring to its latest performances, the *Philadelphia Ledger* says:

> What was virtually a direct command issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission has resulted in an increase of passenger fares all over the eastern and central territory. At the very same time by a stroke of the pen the commission suspends an increase in freight rates in the western district.
>
> If this all-powerful body had deliberately set out to create the greatest possible annoyance to the country, it could have chosen no better method of accomplishing that result than is found in its recent procedures. The Interstate Commerce Commission has stubbornly stood between 100,000,000 people and their only chance of a quickly revived business of all kinds.

Instead of bothering with the independence of the Filipinos, who are not ready for independence and may involve the United States in Oriental difficulties, the President might better, in his message to Congress next week, urge the prompt repeal of the act creating the Interstate Commerce Commission. When men appointed for certain specific duties involving the public welfare so far forget the real purpose of their appointment as to constitute themselves a supreme power, it is about time they should suffer official decapitation.

(*From the Syracuse Post-Standard*)

Col. George Harvey, who remains the shrewdest and sanest adviser the President has among those whose advice is given in plain sight of all people, believes that the heaviest load that the administration is now carrying is the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Colonel doesn't suggest that the President give the commissioners, two of them his own appointees, a good shaking and that he order them to do as he has said he would like them to do. Because the Commission is in name, as it is not in fact, a judicial body, he

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would not do violence to the tradition that the judiciary must be independent of executive interference. He would accomplish the desired end by means no less drastic, but not open to the same objection:

> We say plainly to the patient President that, if this particular body should persist in its present inexcusably dilatory, incomprehensibly stupid and arrogantly obdurate course, he can do no more popular thing than to ask a willing Congress to legislate it out of existence.

The Commission, perceptibly weakened by the withdrawal, first of Martin A. Knapp to become judge of the Commerce Court, next of Franklin K. Lane to become Secretary of the Interior, has become dilatory, stupid, and obdurate, because it has become subservient. Louis Brandeis has the members hypnotized. Militarism is no more hateful to Bryan, or the negro to Tillman or Vardaman, than the railroads are to him, and he is counsel to the Commission, assumed to be unbiased and fair-minded. He directs them that they have power under the laws to reduce railroad rates, but not to increase them. He, without any business experience, assumes to tell railroad managers where they may save millions. And the Commission leans upon him with a confidence in his judgment that is amazing.

Before prosperity can return in full swing there must be justice done the railroads. If the Commission will get rid of Brandeis, it will stem the rising tide of popular hostility, which may take form in legislation for its effacement.

A WARNING ELECTION

(*From the Lowell Citizen*)

The idea of Col. George Harvey—the original Wilson man—about the recent elections as bearing on the Wilson record, appears to be summed up in the quotation, "Not guilty—but don't do it again!" That is to say, he sees in the results of the late elections a distinct warning to the President and his advisers, although he is unable to say that the returns revealed anything like a direct rebuke. The quotation, therefore, does seem to fit pretty well. The country backed up the Administration on the whole, since it kept a small, and probably a sufficient, Democratic majority in the House; but there was an element about the whole thing that clearly did not reveal any great enthusiasm for keeping the Administration alive.

More than half the sentiment in favor of the Wilson régime is directed toward Mr. Wilson personally, and is based on the public's unreasoning, but very real, affection for a "man who does things" rather strengthily. Mr. Wilson is not particularly tactful, nor particularly masterful, so that one may rate him as either the one thing or the other; but he is enough of both things to get his own way with Congress; and people generally care not how this is done so long as done it is. What is more curious still, there seems to be a tendency to regard the doings of Congress, thus compelled by the President, as somehow to the discredit of Congress and to the credit of President Wilson. Had Mr. Wilson been up for acceptance or rejection at the polls in the late elections, we incline to believe he would have won, with considerable ease, even in States where the Congressmen devoted to his party were signally defeated. No one can explain that sort of thing by logic; but the public in such a matter simply isn't a logical creature.

Meantime there is reason to believe that the verdict really does look a

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good deal like the one referred to by Colonel Harvey—"Not guilty—but don't do it again." That is to say, if Mr. Wilson's next two years are going to be like the past two, there is a practical certainty that he will not again be sent to the White House. One reads that in the result of the votes on November 3d. President Wilson, personally, has not yet lost his hold—but his Congress has suffered heavily for doing just about what the doctor ordered.

ECONOMY IN GOVERNMENT

(*From the Portland Oregonian*)

It is fervently to be hoped that Col. George Harvey knew whereof he wrote when he said in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

> We have reason to believe that it is the purpose of Mr. Wilson to undertake a complete reformation of governmental appropriations such as Mr. Taft essayed somewhat tentatively and failed utterly to achieve.

It is unjust to Mr. Taft to say that he essayed this reform "somewhat tentatively," for he made it one of the cardinal points of his policy, and, so far as he could without the co-operation of Congress, he effected important economies. Had his recommendations been adopted, he would have effected more, but his plans were foiled by the jealousy of Congress for its functions and particularly by the partisan opposition of the Democrats in the second Congress of his term.

The necessity of financial reform by the Government has been made more apparent by the extravagance which the Democrats have heaped on that which they charged to the Republicans, and by the emergency taxes which they have imposed when the country is at peace. But the evil which must be removed is the outgrowth of a tendency which originates among the people. There has been a constant demand that the Government undertake new work in regulating railroads and banks; suppressing monopoly; protecting life on railroads and ships, in mines and against disease; protecting food from adulteration; extending the mail service, fostering agriculture, fisheries, and forestry.

Performance of this work requires employment of increasing thousands of men. Congress is nothing loath to establish new offices wherein the members' friends can draw salaries and have expense allowances, so it gladly gratifies the people. It does not show equal alacrity in abolishing offices which have become useless. Witness the desperate resistance to abolition of useless land, pension, and custom offices, navy-yards, and army posts.

When the people cease to demand that Congress spend more money, and when they demand that it spend less, Congress will change its course gradually, slowly, and reluctantly, only after the demand has been many times repeated.

NO EXTRA SESSION

(*From the Albany Knickerbocker Press*)

President Wilson has announced his administration is through heckling business. When the President made this announcement the country took him at his word. Congress will reconvene for the short session next Monday, and by law this session must end by March 4th. It is reported from Washington that the President is wondering whether he can escape the necessity of calling an extra session of Congress next spring. Those close to the Presi-

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dent report that he would like to have Congress take a rest after March 4th next, but fears it will be impossible to put his legislative programme through by that time. Among the things upon the Wilson legislative programme are said to be the vicious Philippines independence bill and the ship-purchase bill. It is said the President is going to insist upon Government-owned ships.

Col. George Harvey, in reviewing the recent election, says the result was like the famed Scotch verdict, "Not guilty—but don't do it again."

If President Wilson has not realized the meaning of the recent election he has lost his political acumen. He is not as clear-headed politically as Colonel Harvey. What this country demands is a rest from Congressional legislation, and if President Wilson is wise or at all solicitous about the future of the Democratic party and his own future, he will ask that Congress pass the regular appropriation bills at the short session, hold expenditures down to a minimum, and adjourn. If President Wilson is wise there will be no extra session.

EIGHT MONTHS OF REST

(From the Washington Post)

Public opinion has already decreed that Congress has been a little too active in the past, and that a cessation of legislation is wholly desirable, but it is quite evident that unless there shall be an agreement with regard to the early disposition of all appropriation bills an extra session will become a necessity.

Extra sessions have been entirely too frequent in recent years. The continuous work of Congress doubtless has brought many members to an untimely grave and at the same time has ruffled the nerves of the business world. It is true that the thirteen months that elapse between the time the voters express their preference at the polls and the time the newly elected members take their seats is somewhat anomalous in a government supposed to be easily responsive to the public will, but there has never been any real complaint about the delay, and there is not likely to be in the future.

The voters at the last election clearly expressed their disapproval of the radical legislation which has been inflicted on the country in the last few years. They expressed their demand for a conservative and constructive era. They issued a mandate for better consideration of the business needs of the country.

If there had been a Presidential election the Republicans would have had a clear majority in the Electoral College. There were many confusing issues, but it was clear that the people were tired of agitation and wanted business peace and prosperity. Even so earnest a supporter of the Administration as Col. George Harvey described the verdict as "Not guilty, but don't do it again."

Although thirteen months must elapse before the will of the voters becomes effective, it is inconceivable that any party remaining in power by reason of the technical arrangement in the Constitution would wilfully use the days of grace allotted to it in order to force through additional legislation of the kind repudiated by the public. As a matter of fact, there is no present evidence that the Democratic leaders intend to do such a thing. The conservation measures that will be passed probably will be constructive, rather than restrictive, if amendments that are proposed are adopted.

What needs to be done, however, should be done quickly and in a business-like way. There is no need for the delay that usually marks the short session of Congress. The members should settle themselves to the prompt despatch

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of public business, so that no extra session will be needed and the country may have at least eight months of rest.

PROSPERITY A REQUISITE

(*From the Houghton Gazette*)

The American people are not consciously unjust or ungenerous, but they know what they want when they need it; and that something just now is better times, which the party in power must provide or make way for another. When pockets are full and life is easy humans rather enjoy the nagging of one another and cheer on the demagogues, but once the pinch becomes universal they see there is but one boat containing all; and woe to him who rocks it.

That is quoted from an editorial by Col. George Harvey in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Like a great many other writings of the Colonel, that paragraph impresses all who read it as a careful, truthful, thoughtful, and succinct analysis of the situation in this country to-day. It says in one paragraph what we have tried, faultily, to say a number of times, and each time wasting a half-column or so in the effort.

Colonel Harvey precedes the paragraph which we quote above with this:

If President Wilson shall carry the second part of his programme to a successful conclusion through the resuscitation of business upon a large and sound basis, to the obvious material advantage of the whole people, there will be no changing of horses in crossing the stream two years hence. If he shall fail in that endeavor, even through no fault of his own, the Democratic party will surely go down to disastrous defeat. Excuses will avail nothing.

That, too, is true, and we hope that President Wilson wants to bring back prosperity, and we hope further that he has the power and influence and knowledge to work among his political cohorts to that end. We would only change one word in that quotation from the Colonel. We would put the word "may" for "will" in the sentence reading "there will be no changing of horses in crossing the stream."

THE ESTRANGEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND

(*From the Washington Herald*)

That the wholesale indictment of New Haven directors sits not lightly on the chest of New England is discovered also by Colonel Harvey. Politically this other Colonel has been taking the sense of the meeting and he presents his conclusions in the current issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; presents them, too, in the manner, refreshing and forceful, that is Harvey's own. Colonel Harvey sometimes gives you the impression that he might have put Washington up to crossing the Delaware or assured Lincoln that it would be a good thing to say a few words at Gettysburg, but, for all that, this Colonel is a clear-thinking, forthrightly person who says something nearly every time he says.

"Not guilty, but—" is what he finds the general verdict of the country at the late election, with Lady Democracy as defendant at bar and Woodrow Wilson, *et al.*, as accomplices and co-conspirators. Pretty pat, that legal simile, in these days of statutory morals and ethics. Colonel Harvey finds that the East revolted against and stands estranged from the Administration.

The new tariff and wide-spread idleness he finds as the basic causes of revolt

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and estrangement, but to him, too, "the wholesale and indiscriminate indictment of New Haven directors" was the finishing blow.

Colonel Harvey makes Connecticut his classic case, and he finds himself in complete agreement with the tart statement of Simeon Baldwin, Governor of the Commonwealth, that the grand jury return on the eve of election was the final blow at the defeated Democrats. "All New England," writes Colonel Harvey, "resented and still resents that proceeding, not merely, as Mr. Baldwin intimated, as having been timed for political effect, but as a travesty upon justice itself. This is evidenced beyond question by the press."

The Colonel establishes his case with an abundance of proof, including the forceful testimony of Rev. Dr. E. P. Parker, of Hartford, a leading clergyman of the State. Dr. Parker declares that he would rather go to hell with the right people than to enter the pearly gates of heaven with the wrong crowd. Dr. Parker was especially shocked by what the grand jury did as to Luzon Morris, Leverett Brainard, Henry C. Robinson, and Col. Frank W. Cheney, and in closing his written protest, said:

> It is this particular part of the indictment programme that seems to me indecent and disgraceful. To rob a grave of the flowers piously strewn upon it or to deface the stone that marks a grave is wanton sacrilege. What then of the useless attempt to assail and dishonor the dead themselves who can no longer reply? I, for one, wish to speak plainly for my dear dead friends, and to protest against what seems to me a heedless if not wanton sacrilege. One would rather go to hell with some men than to heaven with others. I would rather my name should be in that blacklist with such names as Morris, Brainard, Robinson, and Cheney than in the official list of their detractors and defamers.

Colonel Harvey truthfully remarks that this and other utterances manifestly indicate a bitterness of feeling more likely to be intensified than modified as time goes on. The Colonel is a little sorrowful about it, but the Colonel is a Spartan for the truth, and this is his conclusion:

> It is idle to attempt to blink the fact that New England, whose accord and sympathy with an Administration whose chief attribute is intellectuality of the highest order, is definitely and it may prove to be permanently estranged. A pity, indeed, it is, but true."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

(From the Bloomington Pantograph)

An event of more than passing importance in the magazine world during 1915 will be the celebration, during the entire year, of the centennial anniversary of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The first publication was in May, 1815, and it has never missed a number. It is the oldest magazine in America, and there are but two older in the world. No periodical has ever had abler or more famous contributors, and during the centennial year articles by experts in numerous lines of endeavor will appear in its pages. Under the guidance of Col. George Harvey THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has taken on a new lease of life, and the venerable magazine has never been more popular and better appreciated than at the present time. Colonel Harvey, who, it is hardly too much to say, made Woodrow Wilson President of the United States, stands on a pedestal above all editorial writers of the present day, and his department in the REVIEW has added a zest and brilliance that were lacking before. Read-

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ers of things worth while have a treat in store during the centennial year of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will begin its full-year celebration of its centenary with the January number. Colonel Harvey, who, incidentally, has been its editor longer than any one of his illustrious predecessors, contributes a characteristically whimsical foreword to the December REVIEW. He regrets the absence of William Tudor, the first editor, whom he characterizes as William the First, and rejoices in the presence of Mr. Howells, an editor in the sixties, whom he designates as William the Second, and who, he adds, appreciatively, "continually and with dogged persistence refreshes our minds and keeps them young."

THE RECESSIVES

(From the Charlotte Observer)

The Recessive party, Colonel Harvey named it just before the recent election, achieving for the second time a prophecy on which he can stand pat and to which he can point with pride.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

BY JULIUS H. WARD

1815–1830

THE first distinctive note in our periodical literature was not THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, but *The Monthly Anthology*, which was begun originally in November, 1803, by Mr. Phineas Adams, a graduate from Harvard, and at the time a teacher of a school in Boston. The Rev. William Emerson at the end of six months gained control of this magazine, and, with the aid of a few friends, among whom was Mr. William Tudor, Jr., who was to be the first editor of THE REVIEW, laid the foundation of the Anthology Club, which assumed the responsibility for the new monthly, then a novelty in the United States. The rule of the club was that every member was to write for the magazine as well as to have the privilege of helping to pay its expenses. In those days neither the newspapers nor the magazines had a constituency, and American literature was still in its infancy. We had an abundance of political and theological writing, but hardly any first-class mind had made ventures into the field of pure literature. Mr. Joel Barlow and Dr. Timothy Dwight had written elaborate poems, and Dr. Noah Webster had begun to prepare the way for his labors in philology, but we had no literature in the proper sense of the term, and *The Monthly Anthology*, having as its contributors such men as William Tudor, Jr., Joseph S. Buckminster, John Quincy Adams, George Ticknor, Dr. John Sylvestor, John Gardiner, and others, sustained from 1803 to 1811 the hopes of the first group of men in America who attempted to lay a broad foundation in the public mind for American letters. Though *The Anthology* was supported by the best writers in Boston, then the literary center of the country, its career was cut short by the unwillingness of the members of the club to further support it at their own expense.

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In December, 1814, Mr. William Tudor, Jr., who was one of the foremost gentlemen of his time, wrote the prospectus for a periodical which should take the place of *The Anthology* but occupy a broader field. As a result of this endeavor the first number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL appeared in May, 1815, and was published bimonthly until 1818, when it became a quarterly. It made no apology for itself, but in one hundred and forty-four pages attempted to present to its readers a periodical which should be distinctively American in character. Mr. Tudor wrote three-fourths of the first four volumes and then transferred the editorship to Mr. Willard Phillips, who was assisted by young Jared Sparks, a graduate at Harvard in 1815. He was the working editor of THE REVIEW until May, 1819, when he became the pastor of the new Unitarian Church at Baltimore. The first number was characteristic. It took up "Books Relating to America" and made brief extracts from them, as it also did from *Baron de Grimm's Memoirs*. It had miscellaneous writings on religious worship, the manners of gentlemen, and different social topics, like the *Spectator*. There was also a spicy article on "The United States and England," in which the custom of depreciating America was distinctly rebuked. The poetry of Miss Huntley, afterward Mrs. Sigourney, was pleasantly reviewed by Mr. Tudor, and her first volume received high praise as having "the indications of genius." There were also two original poems, one of which, entitled "Sunset," had uncommon merit. The editor closed the number with several chapters of general and literary intelligence and included an account of the inauguration of Edward Everett, who had just been admitted to the full duties of his new Greek professorship at Harvard, and who in 1819, at the age of twenty-six, was to become editor of THE REVIEW. The second number reviewed Sir Walter Scott's latest poem, "The Lord of the Isles," praising his smooth versification, the brilliancy of his descriptions, and his singing qualities. Mr. Tudor contributed "Letters from Edinburgh" and "Books Relating to America." The third number had further instalments of these subjects, and Dr. Walter Channing wrote a notable paper on "The American Language and Literature," in which he argued for keeping it distinct from that of England, and there was a sharp review of Sir Walter Scott's *Guy Mannering*, closely analyzed in an article of over thirty pages. The most original contributions in those

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early days were the poems, and the climax of this originality was reached when Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was printed in the number for September, 1817. Mr. Richard H. Dana, the elder, who was then connected with the management of THE REVIEW, made the curious mistake of attributing "Thanatopsis" to the poet's father, Dr. Bryant, and it was not until Bryant delivered the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Cambridge in 1824 that this mistake was corrected.

The interest in these first years of THE REVIEW lies partly in the subjects treated and partly in the contributors, who were among the earliest persons to give our literature an American caste while yet the tone of culture was distinctly English and European. Mr. Bryant, besides his poems, wrote an "Essay on American Poetry," in which he gave a brief summary of the American poets who had preceded him, assigning to Barlow and McFingal the highest rank, and denying Dr. Dwight the right to be called a poet at all. Another writer, later to become editor of THE REVIEW, was Prof. Edward Tyrrell Channing, whose first article on "Models in Literature" indicates the qualities which made him the inspirer and the successful teacher of the men who in the next generation became the leaders in American letters. At this time the contributors on literary subjects were George Ticknor, Daniel Webster, Dr. Gardiner, Edward Everett, his brother Alexander H. Everett, Jared Sparks, John Adams, and Dr. Buckminster. Caleb Cushing and George Bancroft were added to this number a little later. But the two largest writers in these times of small beginnings were William Tudor and Richard H. Dana.

In December, 1818, THE REVIEW was changed from a bimonthly to a quarterly. It had now expanded in the scope of its articles into a full-fledged quarterly review, and compared favorably with the English reviews of the same period. Daniel Webster, Richard Henry Dana, who for a year was editor, John C. Gray, and Sidney Willard were its leading contributors, and Edward Everett, who had just returned from Europe and was in the heyday of his early popularity, added in March, 1820, the editorship of THE REVIEW to his duties as the Greek professor at Harvard. In the first number under Mr. Everett's direction Dr. Walter Channing wrote on "Ancient Medicine"; Mr. Dana reviewed "Hazlitt's English Poets"; a critical article on "Dante," the first one written by an American, was contributed by J. C. Gray; "Geological Systems of Geology" was ably discussed by Francis C. Gray; and John Davis

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reviewed "G. C. Verplanck's Discourse." This was a notable issue, and all through Everett's editorship THE REVIEW, which was becoming national in character, maintained the same broad and scholarly position. The distinctive features of the two succeeding numbers were Professor Channing's review of the novels of Charles Brockden Brown, the first American author to adopt literature as a profession, and Mr. Dana's recognition, for the first time, in an extended appreciation of the *Sketch Book*, of Irving's literary importance.

In January, 1820, a new series began, and this issue was the first to reach a second edition. It was probably an article on "Slavery and the Missouri Question" by Chief-Justice Lemuel Shaw which gave it this popularity, though articles on "The University of Virginia" by Everett, and on "Pulpit Eloquence" by Dr. J. G. Palfrey, for the first time a contributor, and who in 1830 assumed the editorship, are of consequence. An article of distinction in the October issue was that by Mr. J. T. Austin, who considered the possibilities of "The American Tariff," a subject quite new to the country. THE REVIEW had now become the recognized channel for thorough and public discussion in the United States. No new contributors of the first rank were added to the list in the succeeding year, but in the number for April, 1822, William H. Prescott made his first venture in literature with a paper on "Essay Writing," which has the marks of the finished style that give special distinction to his historical work. In the July issue Caleb Cushing reviewed Daniel Webster's famous discourse at Plymouth in 1820, and another paper was on Cooper's novel, *The Spy*, reviewed at great length by Mr. W. H. Gardiner, who accorded it "a respectable station in the ranks of historical romance." Mr. Everett also welcomed Mr. Irving's "Bracebridge Hall" as one of the happiest stories of the day. Side by side with an exhaustive paper on Lord Bacon by the editor, Prof. J. L. Kingsley, of Yale, writes on "The Connecticut School Fund" and George Bancroft makes his appearance as the writer of an article on "Schiller." Mr. Everett closed his labors as editor with a contribution of a remarkable article on "European Politics," which not another man in America, unless it were Thomas Jefferson, could have written. THE NORTH AMERICAN in his hands had been raised to the dignity and character of a first-class review.

The new editor, beginning with January, 1824, and continuing until April, 1830, was the Rev. Jared Sparks. His first num-

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ber had a short article on "De Quincey's Confessions of an Opium-Eater" by the former editor, Willard Phillips, who was a frequent contributor of literary articles from the second to the sixty-first volume; and a feature in the April issue was an article by the Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, the first American to recognize the claims of "Wordsworth's Poems."

THE NORTH AMERICAN was now regarded abroad and at home as an authority and in some sense a dictator. The day of struggle in establishing THE REVIEW was over and it had become a recognized literary influence in the United States. Mr. Everett still continued to contribute, though he had ceased to be its editor, but his articles are found down as late as the beginning of the eighty-second volume. It was at this time that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW first began to print short notices of current books, a custom which it afterward followed with great usefulness to letters, as long as it continued to be a quarterly review. Professor Kingsley in the twenty-eighth volume had a notable article on "Webster's Dictionary," which was then new to the public, and Nathan Hale was the first man in America at that time to discuss in its pages the question of the "Massachusetts Railroad," which was then proposed as a counterpart to the plan to establish a railroad from Baltimore to Ohio. Mr. Sparks closed his editorship of THE REVIEW with the April number for 1830, to which he contributed an extended article on "The Early Diplomatic History of the United States," a subject which well indicates the bent of his studies at that time. During his administration THE NORTH AMERICAN distinctly fell off from the high reputation for strong and widely varied articles which it had during Mr. Everett's career as editor.

1830–1842

In July, 1830, Mr. Alexander H. Everett, who had been a frequent contributor, became the responsible head of THE REVIEW and continued in office until January, 1836. Under him greater vigor and versatility were infused into the magazine, as had been the case in his brother's editorship. His first paper was an instance of it. It was entitled "The Tone of British Criticism" and threw back with unerring aim the taunt of Sidney Smith, "Who reads an American book?" which had then just appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. In the same number Mr. William B. Reed wrote with marked ability on "The

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Politics of Mexico," and Mr. Everett found time also to write a second article on "Sunday Mails," which it was then first proposed should be carried on the Lord's Day. In the second number his brother Edward wrote on "The Debate in the Senate of the United States," in which Webster replied to Hayne, and also on "The Right of a State to Nullify an Act of Congress," which was one of the longest and ablest articles that he ever contributed to THE REVIEW. The two articles were printed as one and filled eighty-four pages. The editor discussed with vigor "The American System" in the number for January, 1831, and George Bancroft in the same number wrote with marked ability on "The Bank of the United States," which was then under discussion; and the eminent jurist Mr. William B. Lawrence in April, 1831, made his maiden contribution on this same subject. Another writer fresh from his studies of the romance languages wrote his first essay on "The Origin and Progress of the French Language." The author was Henry W. Longfellow. These references to important articles indicate better than anything else the place which THE NORTH AMERICAN then held in the public esteem. There was no great subject at home or abroad which failed to receive consideration. The range of public discussion was broadened every day, and when one compares THE NORTH AMERICAN during the years in which the Everetts had charge of it with the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh Review* for the same period, it is found that THE NORTH AMERICAN had no occasion to ask quarter from its English rivals.

In January, 1833, Mr. A. H. Everett had a monograph on "Nullification," which was over seventy pages in length and discussed the question of the hour with the thoroughness which its importance demanded; in April Mr. John Chapman had an original and striking paper on "The Progress of Society," and Mr. W. B. O. Peabody wrote enthusiastically on "Sir Walter Scott," whose works from the beginning had received important notice in THE NORTH AMERICAN. In July Dr. S. G. Howe, the philanthropist, had an essay on "The Education of the Blind," in which one traces the steps that led to the founding of the institution with which he was identified, and the editor returned again to the issue between the North and the South in a thesis entitled "The Union and the States." In October Mr. Longfellow set forth the charms of "The Old English Romances," and Madame C. de la Barca gave a woman's explanation of Dante's great work. In the last year that the Everetts had charge of THE REVIEW their combined work was important and

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valuable. Mr. Alexander H. Everett closed his responsible connection with THE REVIEW after the publication of the October number in 1835. He had lifted it into national prominence principally by his own essays, as his brother Edward had done in the six years during which THE REVIEW was intrusted to him.

For the next seven years THE NORTH AMERICAN was edited by the historian, Dr. John G. Palfrey, who sought to make it a more distinctly literary and historical publication. Its political character now almost entirely disappeared. Mr. Alexander H. Everett soon ceased to write for it, and so did his brother. Dr. Palfrey was as conservative in his management as the Everetts had been progressive and alert. At this time a new set of writers were coming forward, and chief among these were Ralph Waldo Emerson, Francis Bowen, and Andrew P. Peabody. Mr. Emerson wrote on "Milton" for his second contribution, his first article being devoted to "Michael Angelo." Both these articles should have a permanent place in his writings, and were reprinted many years ago in *Characteristics of Men of Genius*, and the one on "Milton" has since been again reprinted in a volume of *Essays from the North American Review* which was compiled by a late editor, Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice. Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman began his work as a contributor as early as 1835 with a paper on "Italy," and before Dr. Palfrey resigned his charge at the end of the year 1842 the old contributors who gave THE REVIEW its early standing and character had nearly all passed away.

1842–1863

Prof. Francis Bowen entered upon his career as editor in 1842. He was a man of great ability. Not an original writer, he was something more than a scholar, and for nearly thirty years was one of the most voluminous contributors that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW ever had. He kept THE NORTH AMERICAN within the limits of respectable and conservative work, but there is no hint throughout the ten years of his service that the most active minds in New England were at that time in a social and spiritual ferment, or that *The Dial* was taking the lead in live discussions. The same apathy was noticeable during Dr. Palfrey's editorship, and the existence of a rival in *The New York Review* from 1837 to 1841, inclusive, did not spur him on to larger achievements. Mr. Charles Sumner made his last contribution under Professor Bowen's editorship in 1844, and notable special articles were found in almost every number.

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Mr. Whipple gained his earliest literary reputation at this time from articles contributed to THE REVIEW, some of which are not surpassed by anything of their kind in American letters; Mr. Motley, the historian, was a frequent writer; Dr. Asa Gray is well represented; Mr. Lowell contributed his now familiar essay on Browning's earliest work and prophesied his future fame; Dr. Francis Wayland furnished a notable essay on Dr. Arnold, Mr. G. T. Curtis an important estimate of "Webster as a Diplomatist"; Professor Norton printed his first NORTH AMERICAN essay in 1849; Prof. S. G. Brown, of Dartmouth, did some good work; but the NORTH AMERICAN from 1835 to the end of 1852 was not so good as it had been in the earlier years nor as it afterward became.

Perhaps a new editor was needed, and certainly Dr. Peabody gave the old quarterly a new start in the number for January, 1853, in which he himself was the author of an appreciative paper on Hawthorne and also on Niebuhr. He did not immediately lift THE NORTH AMERICAN out of its old ruts. Perhaps this was not possible, but he invited contributors outside of the Harvard circle and gave variety, if not brilliancy, to its pages. THE REVIEW was now printed on better paper and from better type. Dr. G. A. Bartol was at this time a fresh writer. Dr. Holmes made his only important contribution, taking as his subject "The Mechanism of Vital Actions"; Prof. C. C. Everett said almost the best word spoken by any American on Ruskin; Mr. C. C. Smith began his valuable historical essays with a remarkable paper on "Edmund Burke"; Mrs. E. D. Cheney wrote with critical insight on "Michael Angelo"; Mr. D. C. Brooks in "The Literature of Power," printed in 1861, made in his only contribution to THE NORTH AMERICAN a bright and lasting impression; Judge Joel Parker was a frequent and able contributor on constitutional subjects; and Dr. Robert Lowell wrote, in 1862, a remarkable essay on "The Better American Opinion." Dr. Peabody's editorship ceased at the end of 1863. He had given THE NORTH AMERICAN more distinction in literature than it had under any of its previous managers; but while its pages had a certain elegance and interest, it did not grapple with live questions.

1864–1873

In 1864 the editorship of THE REVIEW passed into the hands of James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton, men

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who at that time had taken a foremost place in American letters. Shortly after assuming his duties, Mr. Lowell wrote to J. L. Motley to secure his services as a contributor.

> Imagine the difference in the tone of THE REVIEW [he writes] . . . . Norton and I have undertaken to edit THE NORTH AMERICAN—a rather Sisyphian job, you will say. It wanted three chief elements to be successful. It wasn't thoroughly, that is, thickly and thinly, loyal; it wasn't lively, and it had no particular opinions on any particular subject. It was an eminently safe periodical, and accordingly was in great danger of running aground. . . . It was an easy matter, of course, to make it loyal—even to give it opinions (such as they were), but to make it alive is more difficult. Perhaps the day of the quarterlies is gone by, and those megatheria of letters may be in the mere course of nature withdrawing to their last swamps to die in peace.

As a matter of fact THE REVIEW was continued as a quarterly until Mr. Rice's editorship, when first it was changed to a bimonthly and then to a monthly. And Mr. Norton, writing to F. M. Olstead to enroll him as a contributor, said:

> We must use the advantages which the times give us. There is an opportunity now to make THE NORTH AMERICAN one of the means of developing the nation, of stimulating its better sense, of setting before it and holding up to it its own ideal—at least of securing expression for its clearest thought and most accurate scholarship.

New vigor was given to the venerable periodical; representative men from all over the country were asked to contribute, and later on, from England and Europe as well, and both editors lent their time and ripe scholarship to advancing THE REVIEW to the position which since that date has made it perhaps the strongest and most vital force in American politics and literature.

The radical changes introduced by these editors are best indicated by titles and writers in a few of the earlier numbers. Professor Norton wrote on "The Sanitary Commission"; Mr. Lowell on "The President's Policy"; Mr. Frothingham on "Theodore Parker"; Dr. W. G. Eliot on "Loyal Work in Missouri"; Mr. Godkin on "Aristocratic Opinions of Democracy"; Mr. Blodgett on "The National Resources"; Mr. Parton on "The Government of the City of New York"; Mr. W. C. Gannett on "The Freedmen at Port Royal"; Mr. Emerson his familiar essay on "Character"; Prof. E. P. Evans on "The Philosophy of the Fine Arts"; Mr. G.

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W. Curtis on "Hawthorne"; Mr. W. D. Howells on "Longfellow"; and Mr. Charles F. Adams, Jr., on "Boston and Railroad Questions." Many of these men wrote again and again on the subjects that were specially within their gift, and the two most frequent contributors during this period were Mr. Lowell and Mr. Godkin, who did constructive work for literature and political philosophy. Mr. Norton wrote upon a wider variety of subjects with thoroughness and mastery, and one notable contribution was in the October number, 1869, when he first brought to the attention of the American public *Omar Khayyam* in the French version of Nicolas and the anonymous translation of Fitzgerald. Nearly every contribution had a character of its own. The writers who during the next ten years gave THE REVIEW its greatest distinction were James Parton, Sidney G. Fisher, Edwin L. Godkin, Prof. W. D. Whitney, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., Mr. John Fiske, Prof. Simon Newcomb, J. Eliot Cabot, Russell Sturgis, Jr., Arthur H. Clough, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Henry Brooks Adams, Prof. Goldwin Smith, and George W. Curtis.

Mr. Norton was the first to retire from the new editorship. He left about 1868 and was succeeded by Professor Gurney. Mr. Norton and Mr. Lowell were joint editors, Mr. Lowell devoting his time mainly to original contributions, and Mr. Norton taking practical editorial charge. He was the first editor to pay more than a dollar a page for contributions. Professor Gurney and Mr. Lowell continued together for a year or two after Mr. Norton had retired, when THE REVIEW was transferred to Mr. Henry Adams, the new political historian of the United States, who invited Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge to become his assistant.

It was the policy of these editors to invite more foreign writers to contribute, and the literary criticisms were of a very high order. The most notable single number during this long period of live-editorship was the one published in January, 1876. It was a centennial number and discussed the last hundred years in America as it had expressed itself in our history through religion, politics, abstract and economic science, and law and education. The best writers in the country furnished these articles, and THE REVIEW made an epoch in its history by publishing them. Mr. Howells was enlarging his reputation as an essayist, Mr. Adams manifested his ability to deal with railway and political questions, and Mr. Charles K. Adams made himself known as a writer on European politics. The dis-

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cussions were maintained upon a high level, and personalities were largely removed, though it was an article on "The Independence in the Canvass," published in October, 1876, which contained such outspoken sentiments that the proprietors declined to indorse it, and the editors at that time, Mr. Henry Adams and Mr. H. Cabot Lodge, retired on this account and compelled the placing of THE REVIEW in new hands. The obnoxious essay was written by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and was the first outspoken word since the war in favor of the independent intelligence of the country making itself politically felt. It was the precursor of the independent voting of to-day.

1876–1899

THE REVIEW was now to undergo a radical change. A new editor had to be found. The choice fell upon the writer, but before the publishers were ready to make it public Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice purchased THE REVIEW, and he repeated the invitation. It was through his advice that it became a bimonthly, and a little later a monthly magazine. The reason for this change was that the quarterly could not keep in sufficiently close contact with current questions or deal with them thoroughly before the special interest in them departed. For the first time in its history THE REVIEW was conducted by men who were not graduates of Harvard. Mr. R. H. Dana led off in the first number under the new régime with a discussion of "Points in American Politics," Mr. Whipple wrote what Mr. Lewes said was the best article on *Daniel Deronda*, Mr. John Fiske celebrated "The Triumph of Darwinism," and Mr. Godkin brought "The Eastern Question" up to date. The change to the monthly issue was made in January, 1879, and from this time onward to the present date THE NORTH AMERICAN has been in the truest and widest sense a contemporary periodical, and has preserved its traditions as a magazine that treats every opinion without partiality. While Mr. Rice was the owner and responsible manager of the magazine he was not at any time its working editor, but to him belongs the credit of securing the first contributions from Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning and several other famous writers to an American periodical. In the later months of 1877 Mr. Laurence Oliphant was the working editor, and for the larger portion of the rest of the time until he was compelled to give up his position

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from overwork Mr. L. S. Metcalf, under Mr. Rice's direction, was in active charge. He had two qualities which enabled him to meet the peculiar duties of his office. He was always loyal to Mr. Rice, and was the first American who, though not himself a writer, showed a practical instinct to find the right man for the subject on which the public wished to be better informed. Nothing did more to lift up THE NORTH AMERICAN in those days than Mr. Gladstone's famous paper on "Kin Beyond Sea"; and the triangular and quadrangular discussion of Christianity in which Mr. Ingersoll challenged mankind, and Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning and American divines were brought forward to answer him, if it shocked many, was such a fame-making venture for THE REVIEW as it had never known in its entire existence. Frequently symposiums, in which the contributors were all representative men, have been of great value. The spirit in which THE REVIEW has been carried on since 1864 has been in the truest sense national, loyal, and comprehensive. The appeal has been straight to the public, and the strong men have had a constant opportunity to give their best thought to the world through its pages. After Mr. Rice's death, in 1889, his friend, Mr. Lloyd Bryce, conducted THE NORTH AMERICAN until 1896, when he was followed by the late David A. Munro, who in turn was succeeded by the present editor in 1899.

THE REVIEW has had a diversified history. Its great epochs were during the editorship of Edward Everett, during the later editorship of his brother, Alexander, and during the grand leadership of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Norton. Mr. William Tudor, Jr., and Mr. Willard Phillips, its earliest managers, must not be forgotten. It has always been a fitting representative of the intelligence of the country, and its contributions have permanent value in American letters.

JULIUS H. WARD.

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PART OF WHICH I WAS

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

A PERSONAL tie binds me to the centennial of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW through the fact that it was nearly half its way through its hundred years when I began to write for it. That was in 1864, when James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton were its editors, and I lived in Venice, and the present editor of THE REVIEW was born. Norton was only a name to me then, but Lowell I knew from the kindness he had shown my verse when he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and it was to him that I sent from Venice my paper on "Recent Italian Comedy" in a fear that the all but world-wide rejection of my work elsewhere had taught me. When its publication followed upon acceptance incredibly soon I held the number of THE REVIEW which contained it almost as dear as Lowell's letter of acceptance, but not quite: no print could bring me the joy of that writing.

Yet I think still that THE REVIEW merited the homage I paid it, keeping it in my hands as often as I could, and dwelling upon it with eyes that revered in it a signal example of its own greatness, and fondly realized its descent from the supreme English quarterlies. It emulated the look of these in size and shape, in paper and print, and if it had not the stiff covers, half the thickness of pasteboard, which enabled them to hold themselves upright on a shelf, the gray of its outside was of a scholarly quiet which richly satisfied. I felt in its possession as if I had been published scarcely more in THE NORTH AMERICAN than in *The London Quarterly*, *The Edinburgh Review*, *The North British*, and *The Westminster*.

I do not suppose now that my essay on the Italian comedies of the early eighteen-sixties quite filled that number of THE REVIEW, but I cannot remember anything else in it, though there must have been a dozen other articles, with a score of book notices at the end. There I was so overwhelmingly, to

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my sense, that I might well have been there alone; there I was with the title of my article Roman-numeraled at its head and with the titles of the plays it was based upon dropped in a long foot-note at the bottom of the page, just as was always done with authors and articles in the English quarterlies; and I can hardly believe that when it came, years afterward, to the question of collecting that essay in a book of kindred papers I did not think it quite good enough.

There was another article, written for THE REVIEW while I was still in Venice, which I did find worthy of some such measure of immortality, and duly reprinted, though in which of my many books the reader would find my historical study of Ducal Mantua I should not be able to say now. I think it was in the first number of THE NORTH AMERICAN for 1866, and I am sure that it filled fifty pages, for I know that I got a hundred dollars for it, such was the munificent rate of two dollars a page which THE NORTH AMERICAN paid in those years. Perhaps the reader will like to know, or if he will not he shall, that I put the money in a savings-bank, and when the bank was closing up its affairs a good while after and notified me that this deposit with interest was due me I confidently denied the fact. I have never been so rich since as to be able to forget the smallest deposit in a bank; but it shows how much more my heart was set upon the honor than on the honorarium that came from being printed in THE REVIEW.

In Cambridge, where I went from Venice to live after a brief sojourn in New York, one was, as it were, domesticated with THE NORTH AMERICAN, for both the editors lived there, and one was orally asked to do this paper or that, and often knew what was to be in a next number. Of course it was edited with entire taste and intelligence and with a cordial liberality toward new talents far or near. Both editors were intensely New England, but it is only the lesser New-Englanders who are sectionally cockney, and these editors were of the greater. I was not acquainted with THE REVIEW, its earlier character or temperament, and can only trust a general impression that it began to be different in the hands of Lowell and Norton. There were new thinkers as well as new writers in it; while it kept the scholarly attitude in its treatment of topics, it dealt with current events as courageously, vigorously, conscientiously as if they had been matters of history. It threw a new light on old interests; the editors welcomed a contributor who had, or fancied he had, any novel sort of lantern; all they asked of him

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was that he should come with his reasons and convictions as if they were the opinions of a gentleman. In short, the old NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW began with them to be the young NORTH AMERICAN.

I fancy Norton did the larger part of the work, for Lowell would have been apt to relax to his secular arm the manuscripts which offended against his beloved leisure: leisure which he gave to his special learning, his universal reading, and his interest in the higher politics. He wrote some of his best essays for THE REVIEW at that time, or perhaps the most of them, such as those on Shakespeare and Dryden and Rousseau, but I do not think he often wrote the book notices. These were sometimes done by Norton, but he also liked to give the new books out to be criticized by the "various hands" which had the fine touch of culture among his neighbors: in that expansive community of Cambridge THE REVIEW could be a neighborhood affair without contraction of its spiritual horizons. Both editors were of a most delicate conscience in their work, and THE REVIEW could have suffered nothing at their hands except that mystical injury which comes of being made too good.

It is certain that it did not prosper, and I remember one of its publishers, looking at some last number of it one day, and owning its excellence, but saying, Here was the horse and carriage which he could have kept if he had not chosen to keep a REVIEW. By and by Norton went abroad and remained five years, and then Lowell went, leaving Mr. Henry Adams in charge, and presently the editorship began to fluctuate from one scholarly Cambridge intelligence to another; I remember Professor Gurney among others, and for a briefer moment my valued friend Mr. T. S. Perry, who edited the quarterly for three quarters, while Mr. Adams followed Lowell abroad. There now ensued a space in its history where I cannot follow it with a confident footing; but in a certain chasmal interregnum it appears from one of my old letters home, just chanced upon, that for one quarter I myself was editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN. I got out the number for October, 1872, and probably I thought it a very good number. I am sure that it conformed to the old ideal of a quarterly review inherited from the English quarterlies, and that it was as literary as devotion to that ideal could make it.

In the course of time there came a moment when Norton, returned home to Cambridge, felt the irk of unemployment before he took up his unique work in the University, and frankly

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asked my interest with the publishers to have him recalled to the editorship of THE REVIEW. James R. Osgood was now the publisher, a generous spirit, but always cramped for the wings that riches fly with, and not inclined to more than the sacrifice of a horse and carriage on the shrine of THE REVIEW. Suddenly, one quarterly publication-day, THE REVIEW came out only one-half its normal thickness, and Aldrich said, It looked as if Destiny had sat upon it. But THE REVIEW had a life which no malign Destiny could crush out of it. It was before this ominous shrinkage that it passed to the sole editorial charge of Mr. Henry Adams, who imparted such amazing life and go to it that Lowell, by this time long out of the charge of it, generously declared that Adams was making the old tea-kettle realize that it was of the same race as the steam-engine.

Mr. Adams left Boston and went to live in Washington, and I suppose it was then that THE REVIEW passed from his able hands to the able hands of Senator Lodge, already his associate, and more then beginning to feel his way through literature to the eminence he has since won in politics. Yet I am not sure of the course of the events; the mists of antiquity close here about the facts and blunt them to my sense. What I know is that Osgood united his misfortunes with the fortunes of H. O. Houghton & Co., and I had the vague impression that when the partners presently parted THE REVIEW rested with Mr. Houghton. But I am told by Mr. George L. Mifflin, the present head of the house, that this was not so, and it must have been Osgood who sold THE NORTH AMERICAN to Allen Thorndike Rice, who took it from its native Boston to New York, where, the rumor came back, he made it good society. He was himself good society, but whether THE REVIEW became good society outside of him I have always doubted. The fact, if altogether fact, was of the nature of taking *The Edinburgh Review* to London and endearing it to the smart set in the days when the smart set was smart. The translation of THE NORTH AMERICAN from the intellectual to the commercial metropolis did make Boston rub her eyes a little, but, as I remember, not much; it would have taken far more than that to make her, long confirmed in her superiority, rub her eyes much. The event caused rather a good deal of newspaper banter, and was taken, like most other American events, jocosely. Yet we were not insensible to our incalculable loss; THE NORTH AMERICAN had long been one of our glories, dim at times, but lastingly a glory, an honor to our letters and a

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very strenuous helper to such nationality as they had achieved. If the time had come, and not passed, when one must say,

Povera e nuda vai, Filosofia,

no time had come yet when one could not hail the venerable periodical by that sublime name of Filosofia. The removal from Boston to New York may not have been the condition of THE REVIEW'S survival; it might have lived on in Boston, devouring successions of horses and carriages and obliging publishers to get about on foot as if they were no better than so many authors. In Boston tradition would have been too strong for a review bred in the ancient ideals, and still holding out, however meagerly, on that Spartan fare of publishers' equipages; but means and the man arrived together, and THE REVIEW passed from its noble adversity to the honorable prosperity which now crowns its century. The means alone would not have achieved this; the man was needed, and appeared in Allen Thorndike Rice and in the men who succeeded him and inherited with increasing effectiveness his notions of the higher journalism which should endue the stately quarterly with the young vigor of the daily, as we now behold it realized with such surprising control of time and space. Mr. Rice had the editorial instinct, and whether he made THE NORTH AMERICAN good society or not, he made it modern on the lines of the new English reviews such as *The Contemporary* and *The Fortnightly* and *The Nineteenth Century*. He made it a bimonthly; he made it a monthly; he gave it the look of a magazine without and within; and the stately Roman-numeraled articles, with the foot-noted book titles on which they stood, retreated before the brisk onset of light papers of more journalistic cast. I am not sure that it ever sank so low as the symposium, but I believe that Mr. Rice had sometimes the courage to admit two embattled champions to the same number, there to fight out their differing opinions. That was then a new thing, and it must have made the older readers of THE REVIEW sit up; but it was a popular thing, and the favor of youth carried the day for it. Was it in fact nearly so strange as the transfer of THE REVIEW from its native Boston and its change in look and make to a magazine?

Whether THE NORTH AMERICAN constantly prospered in the new conditions is a secret of the counting-room which I will not seek to penetrate, but it remained good society, for all good society knew, as long as Rice lived, and then it passed in the same fine air to the ownership and editorship of Mr. Lloyd

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Bryce, who had the assistance of the late David Munro, so dear to all who knew him and so singly devoted to the interests of THE REVIEW. There was a wide outreaching for contributions after THE NORTH AMERICAN came to New York, but during Rice's time it did not include me. Once, indeed, he talked with me about a paper, but whether my prices were too proud or not it did not come to my writing it. In his immediate successor's time I contributed more than once socially radical things which I rather wondered at his printing. The papers were asked for as any papers I should choose to write, but in the old, or the early times, one offered to write on this topic or that, or oftener yet offered his articles ready written for the editor's judgment.

I suppose this difference helped mark the parting of the ways between the quarterly NORTH AMERICAN and the monthly NORTH AMERICAN. The change had to be if THE REVIEW was to be, and it has gone on marking itself with greater and greater distinctness, until now THE NORTH AMERICAN is not at all a review of the old pattern. Something is still to be said for that old pattern, but since it is gone perhaps one is apt to overpraise it. If we waited now for a quarterly criticism of the new books, the books would have died of old age; younger sellers would be pushing them from their shelves, and it would not be possible to buy or even borrow the authors reviewed.

If one began life well back in the eighteen-hundreds one must miss the scholarly poise which was sometimes the scholarly pose of the reviewer; one would not recognize the critic in the intellectual athlete who appears in the informal habiliments of the journalist and deals with literature as if it were a contemporary interest, and not the greatest interest of all times. In the new REVIEW literature is given a back seat, but all the seats are good, and literature is treated at least as a living interest. If I were asked, I should say the new sort of NORTH AMERICAN reviewers were not so much writers who got themselves up for their topics from the encyclopædias as they were people who wrote from the fullness of experience and from special qualification for their work.

For this reason I am a little surprised to find myself among them so often. I miss my Roman-numeraled headings, my foot-noted book titles; I no longer write of Recent Italian Comedy, or even of Ducal Mantua. It is very strange, but at a certain time of life all things have become strange, and one thing not much stranger than another. A question that persists poignantly beyond the rest is the question whether I am a part

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of that old adversity of the quarterly, which seems almost to have begun with me, or of the new prosperity of the monthly, which I somehow share. I never saw the reasons for that adversity, but I see the reasons for that prosperity in the eager, immediate, potent grapple with the topics which advance upon the thinker from the forum and the market, rather than the study, and challenge him to his best. Yet they advance from the study, too, and the atmosphere of the lists, wide, clear, inspiring, forbids the champion to shrink from the note of the new prosperity as from a reverberation of those publicity voices, now so invasive, so pervasive. There is a secret which the new and newer editing divined from the newspapers where it had long lain open and which it has employed in reviving and establishing in perennial vigor the ancient periodical which might else have lingered out a Tithonian immortality. What the secret is our actual editor apparently knows; but a loyal contributor must shrink from surprising it lest it become the common magic of those other monthlies which are not magazines.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

JANUARY, 1815

From the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society
Vol. 1—pp. 429-433

NOTICE OF WILLIAM TUDOR, JR.

THE subject of this notice was born in Boston, January 28th, 1779, and was the eldest son of William and Delia (Jarvis) Tudor. His father was one of the original members of the Historical Society, and its first Treasurer; and from both parents the son inherited marked abilities and refined tastes. He was prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at an early age was sent to Cambridge, where he graduated in 1796. It was his father's wish that he should engage in a mercantile life; and, on leaving college, he entered a counting-room in his native town. Here he showed a zealous devotion to the interest of his employer, and an unimpeachable integrity; and, on reaching manhood, he was sent as a confidential agent to Paris. He spent about a year abroad, mostly in Paris; and, though his financial success was not what had been hoped for, he made many personal friends, and largely increased his stores of knowledge. It is probable that even at this early period he had a greater inclination toward literary pursuits than toward a business career.

However, shortly after his return, his father provided him with a small capital, and he sailed for Leghorn. This voyage was not successful; but, as before, he spent about a year in Europe, gathering the best fruits of a residence abroad. Subsequently, he visited France, Germany, Holland, and England, returning home with a deeply increased love of letters, and with various acquisitions of knowledge; and he became one of the founders of the Anthology Club, and a frequent contributor to its monthly magazine. From these congenial occupations he was soon drawn away; and, in 1805, he went to the West Indies with his cousin, the late Hon. James Savage, to act as agent for his brother, Frederic Tudor, who had already formed the plan of shipping ice to warm climates. The quantity of ice at first sent out was small,—only one hundred and thirty tons, says Mr. Frederic Tudor, in his letter printed in the Proceedings of this Society for January, 1856,—but the result of the experiment was satisfactory. Mr. Tudor remained in the West Indies for seven months, and then returned home. Not long after his return, he was chosen one of the Representatives of Boston in the State Legis-

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lature; and, in 1809, he delivered the customary Fourth of July oration in Boston, which passed through two editions. In the following year, he was selected to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge; but his departure for Europe before the date of the anniversary prevented the delivery of his address. Five years afterward, he delivered an address before that Society on the Aborigines, which was printed in the second volume of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Of that journal Mr. Tudor was the founder and first editor, and to the first four volumes he was the largest contributor; but, at the end of two years, he relinquished the editorial care of the work to Mr. Sparks, and only three of his articles are of later date than the fourth volume. Mr. Tudor was chosen a member of the Historical Society in April, 1816, and to the eighth volume of the second series of the Collections he contributed an extended memoir of his father. This is his only known contribution to the Society's publications; but, from 1820 to 1824, he was a member of the Standing Committee. In 1817, he delivered an address before the Massachusetts Humane Society, which was afterward printed; and, two years later, he published a volume, entitled "Letters from the Eastern States," which attracted much notice on its publication, but is now well-nigh forgotten. If Mr. Tudor had written nothing else, this work, which reached a second edition in 1821, would fully justify the reputation he enjoyed among his contemporaries. Though it is cast in the form of familiar letters, the style has few marks of haste or negligence. The observations are those of a keen-eyed critic, who had enjoyed a large familiarity with the best society at home and abroad; and, as a picture of New England life and an authentic record of the prevailing tendencies of New England thought at the time when it was written, it has a real and permanent value.

In 1823, he published the ablest and best known of his works, his "Life of James Otis." Unfortunately, the materials were scanty; but the memoir was written in a vigorous and polished style, and is characterized by broad and just views, and it is not likely to be superseded. Mr. Bowen did not exaggerate its merits when he wrote, in the preface to his own brief and admirable sketch of the life of Otis, in Mr. Sparks's "American Biography": "The 'Life of James Otis,' by the late William Tudor, is one of the most pleasing and instructive biographies in the whole range of American literature. It is a fine specimen of historical research and literary taste and skill, leaving but few particulars to be gathered by the subsequent inquirer respecting the personal history of the individual commemorated."

In the same year in which this volume was published, Mr. Tudor was appointed Consul of the United States for Lima; and, in November, he embarked for South America. His duties in this office were discharged in a manner alike advantageous to his country and creditable to himself. In the summer of 1827, he received the appointment of Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at Rio de Janeiro; but his health had become seriously impaired, and it was not until a year afterward that he was able to undertake the journey across the continent to his new and more responsible post. At Rio de Janeiro, he concluded a treaty, settling many outstanding claims of the United States against the Brazilian government in a manner several times warmly commended by President John Quincy Adams in his Diary. On his death, Mr. Adams wrote an obituary notice in the "National Intelligencer"; and he meditated preparing a more extended memoir for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, but this purpose was relinquished. While at Rio de Janeiro, Mr.

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Tudor wrote a work, entitled "Gebel Teir," which was published, anonymously, in 1829, and in which, in the form of an allegory, he gives his opinions in regard to the condition and policy of the United States and of several of the European powers.[1]

Mr. Tudor died of fever at Rio de Janeiro, March 9th, 1830. Among his contemporaries, he enjoyed a high reputation as a scholar, a writer, and an amiable and accomplished gentleman. He was one of the founders of the Boston Athenæum, and to him is due the first suggestion of the monument on Bunker Hill. Faithful in the discharge of every trust confided to him, indefatigable in labor, with a ripe and various culture, and the master of a clear and, in general, correct style, he happily blended the character of a scholar with that of a man of affairs, and his death at the age of fifty-one was a public loss.

C. C. S.[2]

PEN-PICTURE OF WALTER SCOTT

[Excerpt from "Letters from Edinburgh," written by William Tudor, Jr.]

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for July, 1815*

I SHOULD think there was no man in this profane world, so often asked after as Walter Scott, and no traveller ever lands in sweet Edinburgh without inquiring where can he be seen? In a small, dark room, where one of the Courts of Sessions is held, there is to be seen every morning in term time, sitting at a little table and keeping the records of the Court, a stout, broad shouldered, brawny and somewhat fleshy man,—with light hair, light complexion, eyes between a blue and a grey, thick nose, round fat face, rather sleepy expression, covered with a ragged black gown, his lame leg stuck under the table, the other sprawling out in such a manner as no leg, lame or not lame, ever ought to be. Such a man, forsooth! as one might swear, heaven had marked out,—as an honest good natured soul, though rather stupid withal,—a most loyal subject, fit to guzzle port and porter, pay taxes, and drink 'God save the King'. Not one poetick line or ray of genius in his face, except a very slight kindling of the eye, to redeem the immortal bust of the author of the Lay of the last Minstrel, from the staring, thoughtless, besotted multitude. Mr. Scott is now about forty-five years old, descended from rather an obscure family in Lothian, and when

[1] The copy of this work in the Library of the Society has the following memorandum on the fly-leaf, in the handwriting of Mr. Ticknor:—

"'Gebel Teir' was written by the Hon. William Tudor, while he was Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at Rio de Janeiro, from which place he sent the manuscript to me; and I caused it to be published, preserving strictly, as he desired me to do, his incognito. As it seems to me, and to those of his nearest friends whom I have consulted, to be no longer desirable to conceal the fact of its authorship, I deposit this copy with the Massachusetts Historical Society.

"GEORGE TICKNOR.

"BOSTON, *January 29, 1846*."

[2] The memoir which is here given has been furnished to the Society by Mr. C. C. Smith.

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young, he says, that the old men used to take him up on their knees, call him little Watty, and tell him border stories and legendary tales, while his brothers were gone to work; a privilege, which his lameness gave him. Some of those philosophers, who are in the habit of making a 'moral' to all their fables, may very possibly find out, that the world has gained another great poet, because Walter Scott was born with one leg shorter than the other. It may be so.—Walter Scott was married some time since to a Guernsey lady, an illegitimate daughter of the late duke of Devonshire, with whom he was said to have received 10,000*l.* The lady was born in Guernsey, and speaks villanous broken English. Among her virtues is that of unsparing fury against all unfortunate wretches, who criticise her husband's works; and it is said, that when the review of Marmion was published in the Edinburgh Review, she was very near boxing the editor's ears at a dinner, where she soon after happened to meet him.

Mr. Scott has also some other blessings, which rarely fall to the fortune of a poet. He is the sheriff of a county, commits to prison, and hangs with great spirit and quite a vulgar dexterity; he is moreover clerk of the court before mentioned. These two situations give him 800 or 1000*l.* a year; besides he had for Marmion 1000 guineas, 2000 for the Lady, and 3000 for Rokeby; and he has also been the editor of several extensive works.

Though Mr. S. is exposed to a constant throng of people with letters of introduction, his houses of resort in Edinburgh are not very numerous, and he confines himself chiefly to some of the choicest of the ministerial party; he is himself zealous to the last ditch for church and king. A disgust with its politicks made him leave the Edinburgh Review, in which he has written some pleasant articles. In his manners he is very mild and agreeable, apparently without any vanity, and the only affectation he has consists in the effort he makes *not* to appear a *poet*. He has a great deal of humour, and his conversation is principally made up of anecdotes; he is not, however, what they call either elegant or brilliant in company, but then he is cheerful and never obtrusive; upon the whole, one of the last persons you would suspect to be Walter Scott.

EUROPE ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

[From "A Few Weeks in Paris," written by William Tudor, Jr.]

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of May, 1815*

WE cannot close this article without saying a few words on the present prospects of Europe. One great advantage seems a certain result; the world must, in some degree, be regulated as formerly, by a balance of power. The most prominent evil of the times, in which we have lived, has been the constant tendency of events, to throw the whole power of the world into the hands of two nations. France

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obtained the land, and England the sea; till at length the former was engaged in a direct attempt to undermine the power of the latter, by destroying the intercourse of nations, and cutting off the commerce of the continent, when a succession of wonderful events utterly subverted her plans, and reduced her at once to her ancient limits, which twenty years of successful war had so widely extended.

In the new arrangement of Europe, Russia and Prussia act in unison, Austria and England second each other's views; France opposes them all; on some questions joining with Austria and England against Russia; at others with Russia and Prussia against England. Prussia accedes to the wishes of the Russians for Poland; on having her support in acquiring part of the Saxon territory, and stretching her arm to the Rhine. England having no jealousy of Austria on the water, assists her schemes of aggrandizement in Italy, she giving a quit claim of Flanders, to the Prince of Orange,[1] who uniting this to Holland, makes a considerable kingdom in appearance, but a weak one in reality, as the Dutch and Flemings have long had a strong, mutual animosity, founded in part on a difference of religion. The country having very little natural strength on the French frontier, is defended by the largest fortresses in the world, but which require enormous expense, and large armies for their support. Unless Holland could recover her monopoly of commerce, which seems impossible; it would hardly be politick for her to maintain such enormous artificial works; on the one side her dykes to defend herself from the fury of the ocean; on the other these Flemish fortifications to oppose the ambition of France, as restless, turbulent, and encroaching as the waves of that ocean. The Poles, the Saxons, the Dutch, the Flemings and the Italians are all dissatisfied, and all protest against these arrangements.

There is apparent in these plans, a total disregard of the rights of the weaker people, and a general spirit of extending, rather than of improving the dominions of the larger powers. If the smaller states are doomed to be swallowed up, the monopoly of four or five will not insure tranquillity, and after having devoured others, there will be new contests for the destruction of one another. After all that may have been gained, by the wide spread of intelligence, and the removal of some abuses, Europe may perhaps be incurably diseased. Loaded with impositions, crippled with debts, either actual bank-

[1] The policy of having a direct share in the government of the continent is now more confirmed than ever in England. As they must soon lose their German possessions, they have provided this new connexion. The Salick law prevails in the government of Hanover, and by the act of settlement of the Brunswick family, when they were promoted to the English throne, it was stipulated that, on the crown devolving to a female, that the *youngest* son of the preceding monarch should succeed to the electorate of Hanover, which should then become an independent sovereignty. The Duke of Cambridge, who is now the Governor of Hanover, will therefore assume the sovereign power whenever the Princess Charlotte of Wales comes to the crown. The hereditary Prince of Orange is destined to marry her; he was educated at an English university, is a general officer, and has a regiment in the English service. How much is wanting to make him an English prince?

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rupts, or on the eve of becoming so; devoured with enormous standing armies, polluted with the desires and habits of war, there is no solid hope that the miseries of its inhabitants can have any termination.

TWO PRESIDENTS ON WAR

[*From* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of May, 1816*]

[A Society has been established in Massachusetts, by some christian philanthropists, to discourage war. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the utility of this Institution, no doubt can exist about the purity of the motives of the respectable individuals who compose it. One of the strongest arguments for war in Europe, a crowded population, cannot be found in this country for a long period of time. The following letters were received by the founder of this Society, in answer to an application to the writers for their support of its views. Any letters coming from such eminent men as Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson, must be interesting; but these are highly characteristick. We copy them from the 4th number of "The Friend of Peace", a work published under the auspices of this Society.]

MR. JEFFERSON'S ANSWER

MONTICELLO, Jan. 29, 1816.

SIR,

Your letter, bearing date October 18, 1815, came only to hand the day before yesterday, which is mentioned to explain the date of mine. I have to thank you for the pamphlets accompanying it, to wit, the Solemn Review, the Friend of Peace or Special Interview, and the Friend of Peace, No. 2. The first of these I had received through another channel some months ago. I have not read the two last steadily through, because where one assents to propositions as soon as announced, it is loss of time to read the arguments in support of them. These numbers discuss the first branch of the causes of war, that is to say, wars undertaken for the *point of honour*, which you aptly analogize with the act of duelling between individuals, and reason with justice from the one to the other. Undoubtedly this class of wars is, in the general, what you state them to be, "needless, unjust and inhuman, as well as antichristian."

The second branch of this subject, to wit, wars undertaken on account of *wrong done*, and which may be likened to the act of robbery in private life, I presume will be treated of in your future numbers. I observe this class mentioned in the Solemn Review, p. 10, and the question asked, "Is it common for a nation to obtain a *redress* of wrongs by war?" The answer to this question you will of course draw from history; in the mean time, reason will answer it on grounds of probability, that where the wrong has been done by a weaker nation,

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the stronger one has generally been able to enforce redress; but where by a stronger nation, redress by war has been neither obtained nor expected by the weaker; on the contrary, the loss has been increased by the expenses of the war, in blood and treasure: yet it may have obtained another object, equally securing itself from future wrong. It may have retaliated on the aggressor, losses of blood and treasure, far beyond the value to him, of the wrong he had committed, and thus have made the advantage of that too dear a purchase to leave him in a disposition to renew the wrong in future; in this way, the loss by the war may have secured the weaker nation from loss by future wrong. The case you state of two boxers, both of whom get a "terrible bruising," is opposite to this; he, of the two who committed the aggression on the other, although victor in the scuffle, yet probably finds his aggression not worth the bruising it has cost him. To explain this by numbers, it is alleged, that Great Britain took from us, before the late war, near 1000 vessels, and that during the war, we took from her 1400; that before the war, she seized, and made slaves of 6000 of our citizens, and that in the war we killed more than 6000 of her subjects, and caused her to expend such a sum as amounted to 4 or 5000 guineas a head for every slave she made. She might have purchased the vessels she took, for less than the value of those she lost, and have used the 6000 of her men killed, for the purpose to which she applied ours, have saved the 4 or 5000 guineas a head, and obtained a character of justice, which is valuable to a nation as to an individual. These considerations, therefore, leave her without inducement to plunder property, and take men in future on such dear terms. I neither affirm nor deny the truth of these allegations, nor is their truth material to the question; they are possible, and therefore present a case which will claim your consideration, in a discussion of the general question; Whether any degree of injury can render a recourse to war expedient? Still less do I suppose, to draw to myself any part in this discussion. Age, and its effects both on body and mind, has weaned my attentions from publick subjects, and left me unequal to the labours of correspondence, beyond the limits of my personal concerns. I retire therefore from the question, with a sincere wish, that your writings may have effect in lessening this greatest of human evils, and that you may retain life and health, to enjoy the contemplation of this happy spectacle; and pray you to be assured of my great respect. TH: JEFFERSON.

MR. ADAMS' ANSWER

QUINCY, February 6, 1816.

DEAR SIR,

I have received your kind letter of the 23rd of January, and I thank you for the pamphlets enclosed with it.

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It is very true, as my excellent friend, Mr. Norton, has informed you, that I have read many of your publications with pleasure.

I have also read, almost all the days of my life, the solemn reasonings and pathetick declamations of Erasmus, of Fenelon, of St. Pierre, and many others against war, and in favour of peace. My understanding and my heart, accorded with them, at first blush. But, alas! a longer and more extensive experience has convinced me, that wars are as necessary and as inevitable, in our system, as Hurricanes, Earthquakes and Volcanoes.

Our beloved country, sir, is surrounded by enemies, of the most dangerous, because the most powerful and most unprincipled character. Collisions of national interest, of commercial and manufacturing rivalries, are multiplying around us. Instead of discouraging a martial spirit, in my opinion, it ought to be excited. We have not enough of it to defend us by sea or land.

Universal and perpetual peace appears to me, no more nor less than everlasting passive obedience, and non-resistance. The human flock would soon be fleeced and butchered by one or a few.

I cannot therefore, sir, be a subscriber or a member of your society.

I do, sir, most humbly supplicate the theologians, the philosophers, and the politicians, to let me die in peace. I seek only repose.

With the most cordial esteem, however,

I am, sir, your friend and servant,

———— ————. JOHN ADAMS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO MADAME HELVÉTIUS

[Selected from an article on *Grimm's Memoirs*]

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of May, 1815*

1780.

GRIEVED at your resolution pronounced so positively last evening, to remain single the rest of your life, in honour of your dear husband, I returned home. Throwing myself on the bed, I thought that I had died, and that I was in the Elysian fields. They asked if I had a desire to see any particular personages? Lead me to the philosophers.—There are two who live near here, in this garden; they are very good neighbours and friends to one another.—Who are they?—Socrates and Helvétius.—I esteem both of them prodigiously, but let me first see Helvétius, because I know a little French, and not a word of Greek.—He received me with great courtesy, having known, he said, my character for some time. He asked me a thousand questions about the war, the present state of religion, of liberty and of government in France. You make no inquiries, said I, after your dear friend Madame Helvétius, and yet she loves you excessively; it is only an hour since I saw her. Ah! said he, you make me remember my former felicity, but it must be forgotten to be happy here. For

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many years I thought only of her; at last I am consoled. I have taken another wife, the most like her that I could find; she is not, it is true, quite so beautiful, but she has much good sense and wit, and she loves me infinitely; her continual study is to please me. She has just gone out to seek for the best nectar and ambrosia, to regale me this evening; remain here, and you shall see her. I perceive, said I, that your ancient friend is more faithful to you, for she has refused many good matches that have offered. I confess to you, that I have loved her myself to madness, but she is excessively cruel to me, and has refused me absolutely, to do honour to you. I pity your misfortune, said he, as she was a good woman, and very amiable. But the Abbé Roche and the Abbé M——, do they not sometimes visit her? Yes, certainly, she has not lost one of your friends. If you had gained the Abbé M—— with coffee and cream to speak for you, perhaps you might have succeeded, for he is as subtle a reasoner as St. Thomas, and he places his arguments in such good order, that they become almost irresistible: or if you had gained over the Abbé de la Roche, by some fine edition of an old classick, to speak against you, it would have been still better, for I often observed, that when he advised any thing, she had a very strong inclination to do the contrary. At these words, in came the new Madame Helvétius; in an instant I recognized her to be Madame Franklin, my ancient American friend. I reclaimed her, but she answered me coldly—"I was your good wife for forty-nine years and four months, almost half a century; be content with that. I have here formed a new connexion, that will endure forever." Dissatisfied with this refusal of my Eurydice, I resolved immediately to leave those ungrateful shades, and to return to this world, to revisit the sun and you. Here I am, let us revenge ourselves.

1778. Dr. Franklin talks little: and at the commencement of his residence at Paris, while France refused to declare openly in favour of the colonies, he spoke still less. At a dinner of wits, to engage him in conversation, a person said to him, "It must be owned that it is a grand and superb spectacle, that America offers at this period." "Yes," answered modestly the Doctor, "but the spectators do not pay."—They have paid since.

A very fine Latin verse has been made for the portrait of Dr. Franklin:

Eripuit coelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.

This is a happy imitation of a line of the *Anti-Lucretius:*

Eripuitque Jovi fulmen Phœboque sagittas.

October, 1727. The following lines were written to be placed under

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the portrait of M. Benjamin Franklin, painted by Cochin, and engraved by St. Aubin.

(The Censor thought himself obliged to suppress them, as blasphemous.)

[1] C'est l'honneur et l'appui du nouvel hémisphère
Les flots de l'Océan s'abaissent à sa voix;
Il réprime ou dirige à son gré le tonnerre
Qui désarme les Dieux peut-il craindre les rois.[2]

FOR A PARCELS POST

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of May, 1815*

SIR,—It is surprising, that in a country where the spirit of improvement and enterprise is so strong, the establishment of mail and other coaches, should be so miserably wanting in every thing, for the comfort of the traveller, which is still more remarkable, because there being no post-horses on the roads, almost all our journeying is in these vehicles. Hitherto nothing seems to have been aimed at but speed, and the rapidity with which the mail is transported, equals that of the most improved countries in Europe. Yet no change has been made in the coaches. In Massachusetts they are in a degree better than in other states; but, when you get out of this state, they are mere inconvenient waggons, in their primitive construction. Certainly, the great roads from Portland to New-York, and some of the roads in Pennsylvania, will admit of better carriages.

In addition to more comfortable carriages, an arrangement for transmitting small parcels is exceedingly wanted. In England, this is found to be a lucrative branch of the business; every town has a coach office, where parcels are booked, and are transmitted daily to all parts of the kingdom, for a trifling charge; every package is delivered immediately, and very often the persons, to whom they are addressed, receive them as early as they would a letter by the mail. Such an appendage attached to any of our lines of coaches, would not fail of meeting with encouragement, as every person has experienced the difficulty of transmitting small packages from one city to another.

A FRIEND TO IMPROVEMENT.

THANATOPSIS

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

[Another fine letter of literary interest, which has not been published and which came into the possession of Mr. Madigan recently, embodies the con-

[1] This extravagant absurdity may give an idea of the length they went at Paris in flattering Dr. Franklin.

[2] This referred only to the King of England. (Note of the French Editor.)

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cluding lines from William Cullen Bryant's "Thanatopsis." The letter is from Cummington, Mass., Aug. 9, 1877, and refers entirely to the poem in these words:

The poem of which you speak, "Thanatopsis," was originally a fragment beginning at the

"Yet a few days and thee,"

and closing with the

"And make their bed with thee!"

My father found it among my papers, which I had left in Cummington, and took it with him to Boston, where it was published in *The North American Review*. In 1821 I added the introductory and closing lines, and it was printed at Cambridge in a little collection of my poems. I have not *The North American Review* of that time here to refer to, or I might be more particular. But the poem was not "substantially rewritten." I made some changes in the introduction. . . . The poem attracted as much attention when first published as anything I ever wrote, and the elder Dana, the poet, when he saw it, insisted that it could not have been written on this side of the Atlantic. Excuse this egotism. Etc.—*Boston Evening Transcript* of September 2, 1914.]

First published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, *September, 1817*

NOT that from life, and all its woes
The hand of death shall set me free;
Not that this head, shall then repose
In the low vale most peacefully.

Ah, when I touch time's farthest brink,
A kinder solace must attend;
It chills my very soul, to think
On that dread hour when life must end.

In vain the flatt'ring verse may breathe,
Of ease from pain, and rest from strife,
There is a sacred dread of death
Inwoven with the strings of life.

This bitter cup at first was given
When angry justice frown'd severe,
And 'tis th' eternal doom of heaven
That man must view the grave with fear.

. . . . . Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun, shall see no more,
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in th' embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim

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Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with th' elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher—.The hills,
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—the floods that move
In majesty,—and the complaining brooks,
That wind among the meads, and make them green,
Are but the solemn decorations all,
Of the great tomb of man.—The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
Are glowing on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—and the Borean desert pierce—
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
That veil Oregan, where he hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.—
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? Thousands more
Will share thy destiny.—The tittering world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plod on, and each one chases as before
His favourite phantom.—Yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee! . . .

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VERSES BY BYRON

From The North American Review *of January, 1816.*

THE MONARCH MINSTREL—A SONNET

BY LORD BYRON

The harp the MONARCH MINSTREL swept,
The king of men—the lord of Heaven,—
Which *Musick* hallowed while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given—
Redoubled be her tears—its chords are riven!

It softened men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull—no soul so cold
That felt not—fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his Throne!

It told the triumphs of our King—
It wafted glory to our God—
It made our gladdened vallies ring—
The cedars bow—the mountains nod—
Its sounds aspired to Heaven, and there abode.

Since then, though heard on earth no more—
Devotion and her daughter, Love,
Still bid the bursting spirit soar,
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light cannot remove.

The following lines were sent to a friend in this country from England, in manuscript—they have never been printed.

IMPROMPTU BY LORD BYRON

[On a Lady's remarking the melancholy of his Countenance]

If from the heart where sorrows sit,
Their dusky shadows mount too high,
Or on the changing aspect flit,
Or cloud the brow or dim the eye;
Heed not the gloom, it soon will sink,
My thoughts their prison know too well,
Back to the heart they hence will shrink,
And bleed within their silent cell.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of September, 1816.*

A FRIEND has made an urgent remonstrance against the article in this journal, entitled "Books relating to America," and we notice it, because we well know that many, perhaps a large majority, may join with him in opinion. There are a few persons, however, who have expressed their satisfaction with this particular article, and read it with more pleasure than any other, which to those who cannot read it at all, may seem strange and almost incredible. We propose, however, to continue it, because it was part of our object, indeed our chief design to notice American Literature, not only that which is contemporary, but to take a retrospective glance, at its earliest specimens, most of which have now become extremely rare. In doing this, ease is not consulted, for much of this reading is extremely irksome, tedious, and unprofitable. We have *bona fide*, read through every one of the books we have noticed, and sometimes after reading through a volume, hardly find a sentence to be extracted, or a reflection excited. But even in this case, the labour is not wholly lost, since by commencing this *Catalogue raisonne*, we spare to others who are making researches into the history of their country, the disappointment of perusing a volume that is not worth the pains. The task is a humble one, but it may not be wholly without use and entertainment to those, who have a taste for such investigations.

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of March, 1816.*

☞ The present number, in completing the second volume of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, terminates the labours of the editor for the first year. The circulation of the work is slowly increasing, and though the patronage of the publick is rather reluctant, yet it is sufficient to cover the expenses of publication. Believing a work of this kind, mainly devoted to our own literature and science, will be of considerable utility, he will cheerfully continue his exertions to this end; and has some reason, as there is much room, to hope for its future improvement. To those friends who have assisted him by their valuable contributions; and to those whose partiality has sometimes encouraged his efforts, he offers the most sincere thanks.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1815.*

AN UGLY WIFE OR A GIBBET

The following amusing anecdote is extracted from a MS. sheet of the Border Antiquities of England and Scotland, which is now in progress of publication, and to which Mr. Walter Scott is a contributor:—

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"In the 17th century, the greater part of the property lying upon the river Ettricke, belonged to Scott of Harden, who made his principal residence at Oakwood Tower, a border-house of strength still remaining upon that river. William Scott, (afterwards Sir William) son of the head of this family, undertook an expedition against the Murrays, of Elibank, whose property lay at a few miles distant. He found his enemy upon their guard, was defeated, and made prisoner in the act of driving off the cattle, which he had collected for that purpose. Our hero, Sir Gidean Murray, conducted his prisoner to the castle, where his lady received him with congratulations upon his victory, and inquiries concerning the fate to which he destined his prisoner:—"The Gallows," answered Sir Gidean, for he is said already to have acquired the honour of knighthood, "to the gallows with the marauder."—"Hout na, Sir Gidean," answered the considerate matron in her vernacular idiom, "would you hang the winsome young Laird of Harden when you have three ill-favoured daughters to marry?" "Right, right," answered the Baron who catched at the idea, "he shall either marry our daughter, mickle-mouthed Meg, or strap for it." Upon this alternative being proposed to the prisoner, he upon the first view of the case, stoutly preferred the gibbet to "mickle-mouthed Meg," for such was the nickname of the young lady, whose real name was Agnes. But at length, when he was literally led forth to execution, and saw no other chance of escape, he retracted his ungallant resolution, and preferred the typical noose of matrimony to the literal cord of hemp. Such is the tradition established in both families, and often jocularly referred to upon the Borders. It may be necessary to add, that mickle-mouthed Meg and her husband were a very happy and loving pair, and had a very large family, to each of whom Sir William Scott bequeathed good estates, besides reserving a large one for the eldest.

OBITUARY

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of May, 1815.*

In Connecticut. A female supposed dead, was nearly buried alive. Animation fortunately returned before the coffin was closed. Such cases seldom happen, but the horror they excite, leads every one to wish, that such severe regulations for the examination of corpses should be established, that it could never happen.

In New York. Robert Fulton, Esq. aged 48. Mr. Fulton was born in Pennsylvania, and in the commencement of his life intended to pursue the profession of painting, which he studied under Mr. West: but not possessing the kind of talent suited to attain distinction in this pursuit, he wisely renounced it; and devoted himself to the science of civil engineering. This he pursued with great ardour, and under

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great advantages for many years, in France and England. In the latter country he published a very elegant work on a new mode of navigating canals with small boats, and doing without locks, by having the boats taken from one level to another, by means of inclined planes. This system never met with much encouragement, and General Andreossi, in his history of the canal of Languedoc, considers it as a retrograde movement in the infancy of the art. He introduced into Paris, in the year 1800, panoramas, for which he obtained a patent of importation, which was a lucrative enterprise, undertaken in conjunction with the late Mr. Barlow. It was curious, that though this admirable mode of representing extensive subjects had been for so many years known in England, and even in this country, it was not only unknown in France, but the artists and philosophers were perfectly incredulous about the effect; though when they saw it, they were extremely delighted, and these representations have since become very numerous. In France he first took up his scheme of submarine navigation, for the purpose of destroying ships of war. He pursued this idea pertinaciously for many years, and the only result was the production of a very curious, but nearly useless machine. The French government refused to purchase it; the English government, however, entered into the scheme. A vessel was blown up in the Downs, in the presence of Mr. Pitt, Sir Sidney Smith and others; the expense of these experiments was considerable, and they gave Mr. Fulton besides a pension, 800 pounds sterling, for which his name was in the red book; though it was said, that he commuted this pension for the sum of 10,000 pounds. It was partly through the friendship of Lord Stanhope, during the ministry of Lord Sidmouth, that these transactions occurred. After this he came back to his own country, convinced of the importance of this Nautilus, Catamaran or Torpedo invention; it bore these names, in the order they stand in France, England and the United States. He did not meet with much success in this plan here. He was engaged in what may be considered a branch of it at the time of his death, which was owing in part to the great exertions he made in getting the steam-frigate in readiness. The eventual success of this vessel may be doubtful, but there are many experienced men who are sanguine in the belief, that it will produce a most important epoch in the system of defence for bays and harbours, and in some degree prevent an anchoring blockade. Certainly, a ball-proof battery, firing red-hot 32 pound balls, with the power of advancing or receding at pleasure, independent of wind or tide, at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, is a formidable engine, and differing in many respects from any at present known. But Mr. Fulton's greatest service to his country and the world, is the improvement, which, when we consider its effects, we may style magnificent, of navigating rivers and lakes, by the power of steam. In this country, where rivers and inland waters are of such immense extent, the advantages can be hardly realized in calculation. Many of

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the western rivers were before only of use for descent, they were never remounted. Now they are navigated against the current to their source. The *facilis descensus* was given by nature; the *revocare gradum* is owing to Mr. Fulton. He received a very large income from these boats, but all his receipts were devoted to carry his plans more widely into effect. There perhaps never existed a man with more enthusiastick ardour or more extensive views for the internal improvement of his country. The death of such a character in the midst of his career, is a severe national loss.

In New York: In Cambridge, Mr. Solomon, of a wound from a scythe. It has been said, that this man married two sisters about the same time, lived alternately a week with each, and had thirteen children by each of them. The two families lived a short distance from each other in affection and harmony; and the two widows and 26 children followed the deceased to the grave. It is difficult to say whether this be a greater violation of law or of probability.

DEATHS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS ABROAD

In France. At Calais, Lady Hamilton, famous for her beauty, her accomplishments and frailty. She was originally taken from very humble life by the late Hon. Charles Grenville, and after some years he sent her to Naples with an introduction to his relative, Sir William Hamilton, for a long time the British minister at that court. He married her; she then became intimate with the Queen of Naples, meddled with the political events that followed the irruption of the French. She seconded the vengeance of the Queen against the unfortunate Pignatelli and the other Neapolitan patriots, and by her influence over Lord Nelson induced him to deliver them over to execution, in violation of a solemn capitulation; an act that must forever stain the character of that great commander. He was so completely fascinated by her, that his reputation has been most seriously injured, and in this connection the least blame was on her side. The advantage derived from the last glorious action which terminated his life, the English nation in some degree owe to her. It was her persuasion and influence that induced him to go to the Admiralty, when they offered him the command of the fleet that gained the victory of Trafalgar. Her most unpardonable action in relation to his character, was the publication of the silly and contemptible letters, that were given to the publick last year. She pretended that it was done against her will, but there can be little doubt but she was impelled by sordid motives to this disgraceful publication. In Paris, Madamoiselle Raucour, a celebrated actress of the Théâtre Français, and a woman of respectable character, died in January, at Paris, at the age of 60. When the corpse was taken to the Church of St. Roque, to have the last cere-

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monies performed, they found the doors locked, and all entrance was refused. The old customs of the Catholick Church were revived, that refused christian burial to actors and actresses! The agitation became extreme, more than 20,000 people assembled; a message was sent to the Tuilleries to the King; he returned an answer that he could not interfere with the regulations of the spiritual authorities. The tumult increased; a second deputation was sent to his majesty, and at the same time a unanimous declaration of all the performers on the theatres of Paris, that if the ceremonies were not performed, they would all of them renounce their religion and turn Lutherans. This brought from the King an order to the priesthood to perform the funeral rites over the body of Madamoiselle Raucour. The populace cried out *vive le Roi—à bas les Calotees—à bas les Calotins—au diable les Calotins!* A large number of troops were brought forward to quell the tumult, fortunately no lives were lost. One of the most barbarous and absurd pieces of ancient superstition was here attempted to be revived; the agitation of the people extorted from the government an injunction to the priests, to practice the usual funeral rites, which however were at last imperfectly performed.

CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF CAPE COD

From The North American Review *of January, 1818.*

This important enterprize is now a subject of publick attention, and some hopes are entertained that it may be carried into effect. It has been contemplated at different times for about a hundred and fifty years. It was particularly agitated under the auspices of the enlightened Governour Bowdoin in 1776, when a survey and estimate were made by Mr. Machin, a skilful English engineer, afterwards employed by General Washington in the army. In 1791 the consideration of it was resumed at the instigation of some publick-spirited merchants of Boston, when a survey and plan were made by Judge Winthrop of Cambridge, and a survey, map of the ground on a large scale, and estimate by Mr. Hills, a skilful engineer. In 1801, a survey and estimate were made by Mr. Batchelor. Mr. Machin, Judge Winthrop and Mr. Batchelor agree in almost every point, with respect to the plan of the work, and where Mr. Hills differs from them, which is, in making the southern entrance of the canal in Buttermilk, instead of Buzzard's Bay, he is evidently wrong. The estimates of these different persons, taking into view the value of money at the time they were made, do not essentially vary. The expense of a canal for vessels drawing twelve feet of water, with piers to form an artificial harbour in Barnstable Bay, is estimated at about 400,000 dollars. Its importance in respect to the West India Trade of Massachusetts; to the immensely important and rapidly increasing coasting trade of the United States; and its obvious and most essential utility

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in time of war, make it altogether more extensively interesting, than any other similar improvement in the United States. There are fewer obstacles in the way of its execution, and more facilities than ever attended any work of equal magnitude. Its value to the publick, under two great heads, first humanity, by the saving of many lives and much suffering; secondly, property, by a great diminution of risk, and prevention of losses, can hardly be estimated. Since it was last contemplated, many improvements have taken place, such as the certainty of clearing away sand at its mouth, the use of steam tow-boats to save horses, and towing-path &c. &c. which will greatly facilitate its execution. No statement of facts has yet been laid before the publick, on which to ground a satisfactory opinion of the advantages likely to result from the construction of this canal, or the profits that would probably accrue to those who might invest their property in it. A committee has been appointed to investigate the subject, and their report will probably supply the requisite information.

EDITORIAL NOTE

From The North American Review, *March, 1817.*

With the present Number, which completes the fourth Volume of the North American Review, the responsibility of the present Editor ceases. The contributions to the work have gradually increased; and several gentlemen forming a society for the purpose have particularly promised their efforts to the future Editor, to aid him in filling the pages of the succeeding numbers. This journal is not subservient to any sect religious or political. Its main object is the encouragement of American Literature. The present Editor, in returning his thanks to those persons whose good will has been shown in support of the work, hopes they will still continue it, and is very confident that the future numbers will afford them more gratification.

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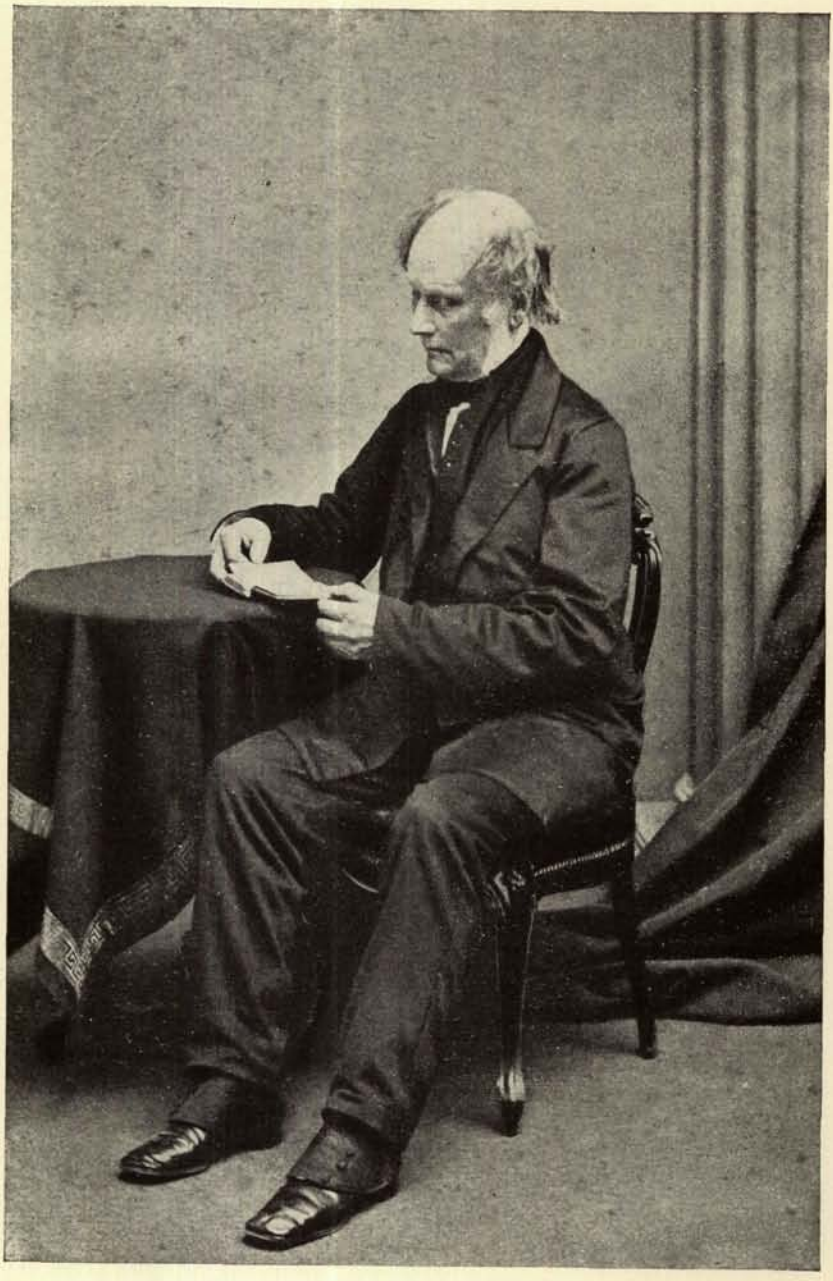

WILLARD PHILLIPS

THE SECOND EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 1817–1818.

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